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POETRY AND LITERATURE OF THE SLAVONIANS.

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THE northern and eastern part of Europe was formerly inhabited by more than one hundred tribes and nations, all of whom were known by the general appellation of *Slawianie*, and sometimes *Slowianie*. Both these terms seem to have an equally plausible etymology. *Slawianie* is derived from their word *Slawa*, (fame or glory,) which these nations and tribes, often victorious over other people, did not hesitate to bestow on themselves. *Slowianie* again, might be derived from *Slowo*, (word) — and these would signify a people that has words, that is, an intelligible speech. The other nations which did not speak their language, did not, in their estimation, have any language at all. On the ground of such absurd notions of ancient times, their nearest neighbors, the Germans, were called *Niemcy*, which in their vernacular tongue signifies a people that is dumb, or has no speech. The traces of patriarchal government prevailed among those nations longer than in other parts of Europe. The feudal system which in other countries changed men into serfs, but very late introduced servitude among them. The Germans were the first propagators of this humiliating system. Having subdued several small tribes, they changed them into serfs; distorted the name of *Slawianie* or *Slowianie* into *Slaven* or *Sclaven*, which means in their language *slaves*; and thus avenged themselves for being called *Niemcy*, the dumb people. The descendants of the aforesaid people are known to the world at the present day by the general appellation of *the Slavonian race*, which appellation seems to derive its origin from the Slavonian word *slawa*, (fame or glory) — the hostile translation of it by the ignorant scribblers of the Slavonian language and its etymology notwithstanding. The language of the Slavonians, which at this day is spoken by more than eighty-five millions of people in Europe, seems to have been originally one and the same throughout Slavonia; at least, more so than it is now. The more ancient the documents are, the more obvious is the similarity of its origin. Although ages have scattered

the Slavonians in different directions and over various climates, and introduced changes into their common language, sometimes with an intermixture of words of a foreign stock; still with a little attention, a native can acquire and understand them all, without difficulty. The leading Slavonian dialects are: the Polish, the Russian, the Bohemian and the Moravian. The dawn of the Slavonian literature commences, like that of other nations, with poetical compositions. The aboriginal or traditional poetry is common to all the Slavonians; and its character and genius may be expressed in these few lines:

— 'Its smiles appear
More mournful far than many a tear;
Voices most gentle, sad and low,
Whose happiest tones still breathe of wo;
As in the ancient Scottish airs,
Even joy the sound of sorrow wears.'

The bards, whom the Slavonians called *piewcy*, or singers, were very numerous among them. They are recorded to have received from the gods the gift of song, and to have been beloved by them. They were therefore held in great esteem, and their persons sacred and inviolable. They performed religious rites, were mediators among their princes, and judges and instructors among the people. They do not seem to have lived in fixed abodes, but went from tribe to tribe to perform their avocations. They carried along with them a sort of musical harp, which they called *gusla*. Its sonorous strain rang in the villages and hamlets scattered over the extensive plains of Slavonia, and often reëchoed among the Carpathian mountains, and along the banks of the Vistula. If the authority of Toland's history of the Druids is to be trusted, the Celtic bards borrowed their harps from their Scythian fellow-minstrels; and according to the historical researches, the Scythians may be identified with the Slavonians.

Other duties of these bards were to celebrate their princes and the heroes of their country. They were therefore their companions in their journeys and warlike expeditions, and occupied honorable places at their tables. Often they were employed in embassies to foreign countries: they were then spoken of by foreign writers as coming upon such errands from a peaceful people, who disliked hostilities, and were peculiarly fond of music and poetry. Their skill and amenity in song often gained them a hospitable reception in the train of foreign princes. Atila, the barbarous king of the Huns, and the scourge of the world, after a battle in which he was victorious over the Slavonians, ordered two bards into his presence. They sang to him in the Slavonian tongue the praises of their heroes and feats of war. On hearing their enchanting strains, all the chiefs melted into tears; nor indeed did the iron heart of Atila remain unmoved. With a gloomy sadness in his look, he is said to have taken his son on his knee, and passed his callous hand over the tender cheeks of the infant.

Time, which is so continually changing the face of things, at length effected a change in the Slavonian poetry. The abolition of

the democratical governments, which once prevailed over all the Slavonian countries; the troubles among their petty princes, and the increase of their autocratic power, combined with other circumstances influencing the state of society, acted injuriously on poetry; for, having reduced man and all his interests to a fluctuating condition, and subjected him to the capricious disposal of arbitrary power, they also oppressed the mind, the sentiments, and the imagination; and thus, as in all other countries, the same causes introducing dread and servility into human existence, spread universal darkness and mental incapacity. An interruption, or rather a dreary blank of mental exertion ensued, which predominated for many centuries in the literary annals of that extensive nation. The zeal of the primitive Christian preachers contributed also to produce the same effect. Apostolic eagerness in those times could tolerate no song, no poetry except a liturgy; the native and free effusions of the human heart were checked and silenced as impure and degrading to the lips of a Christian. Nevertheless, Joy often broke asunder the fetters of Fear, and emboldened the neophytes to give freedom to their thoughts; and then human life again became an ecstasy of poetry and song. Hence in those Slavonian countries where political and spiritual powers were least oppressive, the holy rites of ancient times may even now be seen, and the heathen song, either pure and free, or interspersed with Christian ideas, rings amid the peasantry, thrilling their bosoms with mysterious power.

These last phenomena chiefly appear on certain occasions, which in the former existence of the nation it hallowed for its festivals. Thus, in the night, at the Summer solstice, you can see in all the Slavonian countries large fires burning in the fields or on the banks of the rivers: these bonfires are kindled with what is called a pure or holy fire, elicited by rubbing pieces of dry woods. The youth dance around, and leap over its blazing flames, and the village maidens kindle at it wax tapers, which, entwined with floating wreaths of wild flowers, they send down the currents of the streams. From the rapidity or slowness of their progress they predict for themselves the speedier or later fulfilment of their hopes. On such occasions they are in the habit of singing old songs, some of them so antiquated that their meaning has been lost in the lapse of ages; but the very mysteriousness of the words heightens the hopes which they reveal in their anxious bosoms. This custom seems to point to the worship of the sun, common to the Eastern nations, which the ancient Slavonians transmitted to their posterity. A similar custom prevailed also among the Celts. In some Druidical festivals these fires were kindled on the heights: they were esteemed holy fires, and the people used to drive their cattle through their smoke, in order to prevent the effects of ill-luck or witchcraft.

Just before the sunset of a fine autumn day, you will often meet a crowd of both sexes, old and young, going to the dwelling of the landlord, (called the *white hall*), singing a solemn song of rural music. They are reapers, and celebrate with joy the festival of

harvest-home. At the head of the crowd are two maidens, the reigning beauties of the village; each of them crowned with a wreath—the one of wheat, the other of rye; both interwoven with a great variety of flowers. In front of the white hall they offer to their landlord and landlady these symbols of the wealth of the fruitful soil, and pronounce a blessing appropriate to the occasion. To this succeed the recitations of stanzas of poetry composed by the peasants themselves, and then a national round dance. The landlord leads the dance with one of the rustic Floras; the guests and the peasants follow him; and thus in mirth and jollity, true to their rural chieftain, ‘heart and hand,’ they drink, sing, and dance away the whole night; the starry blue heavens over their heads, the green turf under their feet:

— ‘A crowd that might,
Transferred to canvass, give the world delight.’

Sometimes at midnight you may espy the village maidens stealing to the hallowed fountains. There you will perchance hear the plaintive music of ancient song,

— ‘like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,’

chanted in a low, whispering, tremulous voice; but yet too loud not to be heard through the elastic air of dewy night. You will hear the fair musicians holding converse with the murmuring waters, sighing to them the secrets of their hearts, asking their counsel; and then returning home, consoled with the thought that thus they have removed the dark veil of futurity.

One of these old customs predominates over all others among the Slavonian peasantry. The wedded party go to church and return from it, accompanied with music and song: the songs used on this occasion bear an undeniable stamp of remote antiquity; apostrophizing often the moon and stars, with frequent repetition of *Lada*, the ancient Slavonian goddess of love. The bride wears on her head a wreath of evergreen, and in songs is praised as a queen. Banners floating in the breeze are carried before her, and amidst shouts of joy, she proceeds with her bride-groom to the White Hall to receive from the landlord the patriarchal blessings and wedding presents.

Such solemnities, being always accompanied with a variety of suitable songs, furnish conclusive evidence that there is much traditional poetry circulating among the Slavonian peasantry. This poetry is generally either amorous or heroic; its subjects being love and glory; but the Love and Glory of times that are no more, and over whose graves a mourning spirit strikes his magic string; sometimes bold, sometimes gentle, but generally in a slow and melancholy strain. This ‘joy of grief’ is common to all nations, whose deeds as well as existence are ‘of yore;’ whose glory is a pleasing dream of the past, and whose active life we only see upon the dead pages of history. The richest and finest collections of this kind of poetry have as yet been made among the Slavonian tribes under the

Turkish government. Their easy life in a mild and temperate climate disposes them for poetical pastimes, more than their northern brethren, whose habitations, the nearer they approach to the frozen regions, may be said to be more closely wrapt in silence. Some of the pieces coming from this source are of exquisite beauty, and were valued and thought worthy of being translated by such accomplished men as HERDER and GOETHE. '*The wife of Assaq*' may undoubtedly be considered as one of the finest specimens of elegiac traditional poetry. It has been translated into almost all the European languages: '*Libusa*' or *the Princess' Table*,' a Bohemian tale, is another piece well-known to the readers of the '*Northern Antiquarian*.' Lord BYRON also, in making our Mazeppa the hero of one of his poems, has not in the least cramped his imagination. Its wildness has rather been gratified, by ranging over the boundless plains of Ukrania.

Touching on the borders of wilder and loftier poetry, chanted in simple and artless songs, we distinguish it rather by the name of popular than traditional; because it has its birth and is fostered in the bosoms of one particular people, and flows more from the human heart than from historical events, which last are the only element of a traditional poetry. The standard for estimating the popularity of any poetry, is however very uncertain; and it may even be affirmed, by surveying all the poetry upon record, that few of those who undertook the difficult task of becoming popular, have been successful; and in general, nations can boast of more national than popular poetry. The cause of it is to be found in the subject matter of the two. Popular poetry deals exclusively with the universal feelings of a particular people. National poetry is not so strictly confined to what is peculiar to one single people; but may at pleasure enlarge its range, and admit subjects of foreign origin, by fashioning them to the ready apprehension of the reading public. It only requires a happy choice. MILTON's '*Paradise Lost*,' BUTLER's '*Hudibras*,' WORDSWORTH's '*Excursion*,' in each of which productions a great variety of extraneous knowledge is introduced, are not on that account less excellent monuments of English national poetry.

Agreeably to this general principle, the most popular of all Scottish poets is undoubtedly BURNS, and the most national, Sir WALTER SCOTT. Lord BYRON, embodying in his poems the most extraneous elements, may with reason be called a universal poet, who having little that is English, except the language, belongs to all countries and nations; and in consequence of this quality of his works, he is more read and more relished on the continent of Europe than any other modern poet.

In directing the reader's attention toward Poland, a nation of the Slavonian race, we find an immense number of original authors in the class of national poets, as KRASICKI, KARPINSKI, WEZYK, WORONICZ, NIEMCEWICZ, etc.; but those of the popular class, such as BURNS and RAMSAY in Scotland, and BLOOMFIELD and CRABBE in England, are comparatively few: the whole amount of the popular Polish poetry might, indeed, be comprised in a few lyrical pieces of

KNIAZNIN, KARPINSKI, BRODZINSKI and MICKIEWICZ ; not forgetting however,

— 'Many a song of olden time,
Of rude array, and air sublime;
Though long on time's dark whirlpool toss'd,
The song is saved, the bard is lost.'

This last class of popular poetry is not however exclusively Polish. It belongs to all the Slavonian tribes and nations : it took firm hold of the memory of the common people, and is remembered with delight and enthusiasm in all the Slavonian countries. It is a rich treasure to the modern Slavonian poet. The simple and artless song of a Servian shepherd may awaken his feelings of innocence, and harmonize his inspirations to the praise of an Arcadian life and happiness. The loftier and more solemn theme of a Morlachian improvisator may enlarge his mind and embolden his imagination to break forth into a majestic epic song : the tender, cheerful and lovely stanzas of a sprightly Cracovian youth may teach him, in pleasing pastime, to extol the beauty and charms of her who is so lovely and dear to his heart : the simple and mournful ditties (*dumy*) of the Cossacks of Ukrania, like the Scottish historical ballads, may furnish him with materials for drawing a diversified picture of the manners of the patriarchal life, and the passions of the primeval state of human society. In surveying, however, the fate of ancient popular poetry of all nations, it may be asserted that it has survived only in Scotland, Ireland, and in the Slavonian countries. Among other nations which could once boast of possessing it, we find it now entirely silenced and forgotten.

But this poetry of the Celtic and Slavonic races are in their nature widely different, although both spring from the same source, the sensibility of the human heart, which is common to all mankind. This difference is to be accounted for by the diversity of the climates and natural situation of these respective countries. Man stands in a closer connection with the whole of nature than he is willing to admit, or is himself conscious. At the important moments when passions and affections are aroused in his bosom, he almost instinctively addresses himself to the nearest objects, and in the depths of his secret and unrevealed self, makes them participate in his joys and his sorrows : in strong and violent emotions, he casts himself on the bosom of surrounding nature, and tinges his own feelings with the hues in which he is wrapt ; while in the state of mind more passive than active, he receives impressions from without, and allows external objects to be reflected in the mirror of his soul, where they become the plastic elements of his fancies and reveries. Hence the deep and solitary glens amid the mountains are the appropriate resorts of corroding grief ; the mists and clouds that hang over the mountain's-brow, overshadowing the valleys beneath, are apt to damp the spirit of joy, and deaden even its instinctive propensity to cheerfulness : the mountain torrent foaming in cataracts makes the heart of the injured and prostrated soul feel resistless, and increases it in strength and elevates it in boldness ; the same torrent again stealing smoothly and silently along through a level and enamelled

meadow, might perhaps, have composed the grieved mind to peace and resignation. Like an eagle from the mountain top, the mountaineer rushes on his prey, while the inhabitant of the low country is of a meek, a peaceful disposition, more disposed to endure than to resent, to submit than to subdue; because Nature does not address herself to him in the language of boldness and energy, but in that of calmness and gentleness, soothing his passions and moderating his temper.

Hence it is also, that the moaning winds at dead of night, filling the imagination with hosts of spirits; the moon looking pale through her watery halo, as if mourning over the souls which Ossian represents riding on the unwieldy images of clouds, and the immensity of the stormy ocean, lifting its blue waves in endless perspective; as objects in themselves grand and sublime, are fitted to awaken the strongest emotions; by lending to the mind their own gigantic features, elevating the affections of milder nature, and magnifying the whole scale of feeling and expression. And it is from no other cause but this mysterious blending and union of the human soul with the external world, that the poems of Ossian have derived not only their superior beauty and harmonious effect, but also their characteristic peculiarities, indicating that their birth-place cannot possibly be any other country than Caledonia. Whatever criticism may say concerning their antiquity, the peculiar spirit which breathes through them points distinctly to their native land as the only region that could have given origin to such a kind of poetry.

Who will deny that there is a common feeling of what is charming and beautiful, which pervades all sensitive bosoms? This feeling, when awakened by reading Ossian's poems, bears stronger testimony in their favor than all the doubts of antiquaries can avail against them. And guided by this feeling rather than by criticism, a foreigner has learned to appreciate their true charms. Still however he is willing to concur in the apotheosis, calling Homer *the Sun*, Ossian *the Moon*, and Shakspeare *the Star*. But perhaps more expressive will be the sentiment of a modern ingenious critic, Mr. Hazlitt. In speaking of Ossian he says: 'If it were indeed possible to show that this writer was nothing; it would only be another blank made in existence; another void left in the heart; another confirmation of that feeling which made him so often repeat:

'Roll on, ye dark brown years! — ye bring no joy on your wings to Ossian!'

If such then be the influence of external nature in modifying the character of poetical productions, what should naturally be the distinguishing features of the Slavonian poetry? What the prevalent spirit of its poet? What the hue of his sentiments and his language? And if the inward mind, chameleon-like, takes its color from the objects which nature has drawn around it, what peculiarities are we to look for as characterizing his poetry? He has no ocean rolling in majesty before his eyes, but he has silent lakes with a silvery expanse, either mirrored before him, like the peaceful ease of his undisturbed life, or occasionally ruffled with passing whirl-

winds, which, like his misfortunes, discompose the serenity of his countenance, but do not utterly discomfit him. His country is almost without mountains; he has therefore no precipitous cliffs, no gloomy glens, no sheltered covers; but before him lie boundless plains, moving with their crops, diversified with meadows of balmy flowers; immense woods darkening the verge of his spacious horizon: vast majestic rivers; a serene unclouded azure sky expanding over his head, and imparting to his soul an infinity of thoughts and feelings. Blending therefore his creative imagination with the effects produced by such external objects, through their influence on his mind, he holds converse with the mysterious workings of Nature; her elements become the elements of his poetry; her mild features give mildness to his thoughts and gentleness to his expressions: his poetry, therefore is not, and cannot possibly be, sublime; it can only be beautiful, like the elements in the midst of which it is produced. Strong affections and passions, aroused violently in his bosom, may indeed raise him at times to loftier flights; still their manifestations are to him unusual excitements; and the real character of his poetry can only depend upon graces which belong properly to a less turbulent and a less impassioned soul. Let me adduce, by way of explanation, some poetical ideas of the Slavonians. I will give them in an abridged form, just as they occur to my recollection:

A Slavonian youth, dying on the field of battle, calls to the wind, and makes it his messenger to his father, his mother, his sister, and bids it to tell them, that their son and a brother is asleep beneath the green turf, and will return no more. He then takes an affectionate farewell of his steed, and asks anxiously, 'Who will henceforth reach him his food when hungry, and water him when thirsty?'

A young woman, unhappily married, far from her friends and home, sorrowful and desponding, saunters in a lonely wood, approaches one tree after another; she calls them by the tender names of father, mother, brother; at last finding no relief, she bitterly exclaims, 'Alas! these are no father, no mother, no brother!'

A Bosnian chief has gone abroad to war; his lady sits solitary in her chamber, and longs for tidings of him; but who brings tidings? The spirits of ill-omen, the black-ravens, which hover at her window, and which she fears to address, when addressed, answer her, that they come from the field of battle, that they have picked out the eyes of her beloved husband, and feasted on the corpses of his slain army.

A Slavonian maiden, like another Dijanira, asks the rising sun to tell her news of her lover. A lover approaching his love, is represented as a pale moon gliding on to a bright star.

Let me add one or two specimens of the Slavonian poetical ideas in Polish verses, with a translation of the same into English prose:

'Kosci na pobojowisku,' which means '*The bones on the field of battle*:'

'Goscru, co natych polach, widzisz kosci sita,
A Ziemia ich swolemi groby nieuczczila—
Nie lituj sie, i toz grob slachetny bywa,
Kogo cnota ostania, a niebo przyrkywa.'

TRAVELLER! at the sight of these bones bleaching in the sun,
and uncovered by earth, cease thy pity! Ours is a glorious grave:
we are shrouded in virtue, and entombed by the vault of Heaven.

ZWŁOKI ZOLNIERZA.

'Za Ojczyznę, w Ojczyźnie zabity sie walam,
Nie mnie ziemia, ja ziemię swem ciałem przywalam,
Daj świadectwo Ojczyźnie jako cie młuię,
Nie zbiegam, i po śmierci twych granic pilnuję.'

THE SOLDIER SLAIN FOR HIS COUNTRY.

For my country I fought; for my country I fell; the earth covers
not my body, but my body the earth. Witness, oh! my land! the
love I bear thee! I never fled the foe when alive, and still guard
thy frontiers when dead.

ORACZ I SKOWRONECZEK.

'Juz spiewasz skowroneczku, juz tez i ja orze,
Obudwu nas w robocie, jedno widzi zorze;—
Bog pomoz skowroneczku, dodawaj nadzieje,
I dla ciebie ja razem i dla siebie sieje.'

THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE LARK.

Thou singest, my sweet lark, and I too begin to plough. The
dawn and the twilight find us both at our labor. Thee at thy song,
me at my plough. God prosper thee, sweet songstress! dost thou also
wish me success? It is for thee as well as for me that I sow.

The following is a translation from our poet MICKIEWICZ, and
bears a very strong mark of the Slavonian origin:

THE PRIMROSE.

SCARCELY its heavenly song
The lark had sung to lovers,
When from its golden covers
The first sweet primrose sprang.

'Too early my flower, said I;
The wind of the north yet blows,
The hills are white with snows,
And the groves are not grown dry.

Under thy parent stem
Cover thy petals bright
Before the dew of night
To pearl has changed them.

Our days, said the lovely flower,
Are like the insects bright;
Our birth is at morning light,
And our death at mid-day hour.

And if you would deck your bowers,
Or send to her you love,
A gift your faith to prove,
Oh! gather the lovely flowers!

The following may not be considered unworthy of SHAKESPEARE
himself:

'LEAN thee, my love, on my arm;
I will gaze on thy bosom till the dawn awake thee.'

The same poet, describing a warlike movement, says:

'The chief rushed onward against the foe, like the dark cloud
that rolls toward the sea. Like a wolf he ran through the open
field; like a fox through the dark woods; like a falcon he darted

across the rapid streams. In the foaming vapor of his war-horse the sun and the moon stood eclipsed. No beam of the bright world was to be seen.'

But beside these outward objects, there are yet some other elements influencing the spirit of poetry of all nations, such as the ancient mythology, phantoms, superstitions, a particular form of government, the prevalence of chivalry, and the events of the reformation. The last three elements may be considered as incidental, appearing and disappearing like a fashion of the day; and it may be affirmed that the order of chivalry never existed among the Slavonians, and the reformation reached only Poland and Bohemia. The popular Slavonian poetry has therefore been very little affected by either. It blossomed freely under the genial influence of the country's climate and landscape. But mythology, phantoms and superstitions seem to enter into the essence of the poetry of all countries, and have a share in determining their peculiar characteristics. During the course of successive centuries, mankind, struggling from darkness to light, were subjected to the delusions of various moral diseases; and this, acting on the minds of the people with all the force of truth, often assumed over them the authority of ruling principles; and by regulating thus their conscience and their actions, exercised a strong influence on their poetry. Of the changes which such causes are fitted to produce, we are fully convinced from the poetry of Greece and Rome, in which they constitute not only their ground-work, but also the loftiest part of their superstructure. The poetry of these two nations cannot be even understood unless their mythology is studied. The mutual relation and bond of union is so strong between them, that about a century ago it gave occasion to the strange question among the learned of France, 'whether the origin of poetry was in mythology, or that of mythology in poetry?' And as modern poetry was considered to be remarkably inferior to the classic, 'whether poetry without mythology could exist at all?'

This last question can now admit of no farther doubt. It has been solved by various poetical works which have since been produced, and which are acknowledged to be excellent, although mythology has not in the least contributed thereto. Mind is now guided by intellect and deep feeling, which having superseded both Mythology and its immediate daughter, Allegory, have become the fountains of modern poetry, and constitute its principal charms. Nevertheless, it is still a ruling principle that the productions springing from ancient mythology, phantoms and superstitions, might furnish rich materials as well as machinery for modern poetry, and spare the creative genius the labor of invention. The Slavonians had their own mythology, phantoms and superstitions; History overlooked them as unworthy of her proud pages; but traditional and popular songs gave them a hospitable shelter among the peasantry. These songs, and the ideas flowing from the causes above hinted at, portray an image of the spiritual and moral existence of the departed nations: they are, as HERDER has well expressed it,

‘the soul of the people;’ and as they often enrich the imagination of modern poets, let me advert to some specimens of this kind.

A Slavonian conjures from the mysterious recesses of his bosom such fancied beings as *Dola* and *Tucha*, (Destiny and Sorrow,) who, not unlike the Nemeses, come to seat themselves by the side of the unfortunate; remind him of his past misdeeds, and torment him in his sorrow. They are represented to be females, who, to sharpen his remorse, never approach him singly, but always three together, like the Æschylian three-shaped Moiras and Eryunes, goddesses of Retribution and Punishment.

A Slavonian fancies himself to be surrounded by a fairy world of his own, peopled either by innocent beings, such as his ‘*Vilas*,’ a kind of Nymphs inhabiting the mountains and dispersing the clouds, (somewhat resembling the Scottish brownies and kelpies,) believed to be of a harmless and cheerful disposition; or he calls up the hideous and malignant phantoms, known by the name of Vampires, who are supposed to be the bodies of the dead risen from their graves at midnight to haunt the habitations of the living, and to drain the fountain of their life by sucking out their blood. Sometimes he brings before his sickly imagination the *Maras*, who, by a strange coincidence, bear the same name and meaning with the Scottish and English *Nightmare*, and in the same way are held to molest those who sleep; a coincidence which seems to imply a common origin.

Lord BYRON, in his ‘*Giaour*,’ has described in a very energetic manner such phantoms as the Vampires; the imprecations of the Moslem upon the Christian conqueror could never have been more dreadfully pronounced:

‘BUT first, on earth as Vampire sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race!
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life,
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse;
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip,
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go! and with Gouls and Afrits rave!’

Nor does this superstitious imagination stop here. An incapacity to perceive the connection betwixt causes and effects in many places leads the people to ascribe all unexpected events to the supernatural agency of witches, who are supposed sometimes to make secret conclaves with one another on Mount Bald, whither they journey through the air on wooden shovels and broom-sticks, amidst storms and whirlwinds. Thursday evenings are the most dreaded, as seasons for these apparitions. Superstitions of this nature are prevailing, even at this day, among some Slavonian tribes living under the Turkish government, in Hungary and in some parts of Germany. Their villages are supposed to be inhabited by witches without numbers; they are doing numberless acts of mischief; by their mysterious spells they are believed to bring mischance and

disease upon the inhabitants; some distribute antidotes for averting calamity; some have the power of blighting the cattle with distempers, and making children ill by the charm of their evil eye. Others initiate maidens into the secrets of fascinating the youths, and predict to them their future fortunes.

During the Middle Ages similar superstitions and credulity held such strong possession of the minds of the people as to cause them to entertain an implacable aversion to every thing like science, and to all who were engaged in cultivating it. All knowledge, especially in the physical branch, was supposed to be the offspring of the 'Black Art,' and the immediate gift of the 'Evil Spirit.' This contagious chain of errors appears to have pervaded all countries, manifesting itself every where under the respective national colors. The reader is acquainted with GOETHE's '*Dr. Faustus*' and Lord BYRON's '*Manfred*.' They seem to claim a kindred alliance with our TWARDOWSKI. This last was a Polish nobleman, and is said to have made a contract with the devil. As a nobleman he could not submit to sign the compact with his blood, which was the ordinary way when the plebeians made such compacts: he consented to give his '*verbum nobile*' only, and the devil accepted it as a sufficient security to Hell, and most honorable to a Polish nobleman. Having thus bound himself to the fiend, TWARDOWSKI wished to see the Pope; and the first service which he required from Hell was to open for him the straightest and shortest road to Rome; and that while he hurried on his journey, the devils should make the woods fall before him, build bridges, and level mountains. He studied physical science and alchemy, and this, in the conception of his day, gave place to an opinion that he had made a contract and a conclave with hell and devils.

So far, therefore, the elements flowing from ancient mythology, phantoms and superstitions, influencing or modelling the creative imagination of the modern poet, seem to be common to all races of mankind. There is, however, great difference in the modern poetical productions and literary condition of the respective Slavonian tribes and nations of our days. The numerous Slavonian tribes scattered over Germany, Hungary and Turkey, have not advanced in any branch of modern literature. They resemble the Gaelic people in the Highlands of Scotland: like them they preserved their language, usages, national character and traditional and popular songs, with all the ancient superstitions. As to their modern literature, this has been confined to translations of the Holy Bible and their Church Liturgy; which is to be attributed to the illiberal efforts of their respective governments to make them Germans and Turks. Even the Moravians and Bohemians, who once (especially the latter) were more advanced in civilization than their conquerors the Germans, boasted of the University of Prague, once most celebrated in Europe, and whose land gave birth to JOHN HUSS, a century before LUTHER, can now only sigh for their departed glory, and furnish to the philanthropist an occasion to curse the unnatural efforts of metamorphosing nations.

More attractive is the modern literature of Russia. It is of a recent date, and therefore is rather imitative than original. The strict system of centralization by which that country has been ruled for centuries does not permit the lively feelings to be awakened beyond the limits traced by censorship; still, however, the Russians can boast of a few genuine poets: LOMONOSOW, the father of Russian poetry, or the Russian PINDAR, and DERZAWIN, the Russian KLOPSTOCK, are indisputably poets of uncommon fire and lofty energy. The 'Ode to God,' written by the latter, although it cannot entitle him to a comparison with the author of the 'MESSIAH,' the rival of MILTON, if not his equal, is nevertheless a sublime and admirable production. BAH DANOWICZ is called the ANACREON of Russia; but all that is Anacreonic in him is the simplicity of his style; as to his thoughts and subjects, they have nothing in common with the buoyant enjoyment of physical life which distinguishes ANACREON. He has nothing sensual, but is altogether sentimental. Mr. BOWRING translated into English many of his pieces. Let me adduce here a few lines from his translation of DERZAWIN'S '*Du-szenka*.' He thus defines the soul:

'THE fairest of saints that devotion has sainted,
Divinest of all the divine,
All the pictures of beauty that the art ever painted
Can give no idea of thine.'

KARAMZIN and ZUKOWSKI are held to be the most original Russian poets. The language of the last is like the stormy sea rolling in foaming waves: he has never before his eye lesser models than OSSIAN, SCHILLER and BURGER.

Poland will close our inquiry: that country has always been the most advanced in all branches of literature among the Slavonian nations. (This fact has been shown in my lecture delivered before the members of the several state legislatures, which I have recently published in a pamphlet form.) And she often exceeded in learning and liberal principles even the western nations of Europe. Poetry has been the subject of study in all her universities and schools, from the beginning of the fifteenth century down to the suppression of her late revolution. A general tendency to poetical enthusiasm and the endearments of poetry seem to pervade the whole nation: the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned, have their poetical moments. Accordingly, even our peasantry, and particularly those around the city of Cracow, and in the province of Ukraina, are distinguished for their extemporaneous poetical flights. It may be said that in Poland:

'Docti indoctique scribimus premata passim.'

In the 'Dictionary of the Polish Poets,' published in 1820, the lives of upward of fourteen hundred are described,

— 'Whom Phœbus in his ire,
Hath blasted with poetic fire.'

And yet this Dictionary has not been completed: it comprises

only the poets anterior to the first partition of Poland, which took place in 1772.

The misfortunes of the nation, since

‘Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell,’

have not diverted the Poles from their poetical pursuits. And it is a most remarkable fact, that the number of our poets in the last half century of our misfortunes has not been exceeded by any European nation. Before the seventeenth century the Poles wrote poetry in Polish and in Latin; but now the mother tongue is exclusively employed. In both these languages, however, we have numerous and excellent poetical works; namely: versified chronicles and legends, lyrics, pastorals, elegies, satires, songs and verses on various occasions. The dramatic and epic pieces began to appear in Poland toward the middle of the sixteenth century. The spirit that characterizes all Polish poetry is mildness. It reflects the peaceful aspect of the landscape, and has for its theme the quiet occupations of agricultural and pastoral life. Theocritus and Virgil have not introduced more real imagery of rural life into their poetry than SYMONOWICZ and KARPINSKI. Their thoughts as well as their expressions are simple; their learning, when they show it, is not cumbersome, but is employed only to lend an expression to their poetic ideas. In reading them you would fancy yourself a happy ploughman, following the plough, or sowing the seed which you expect to reap: or as a happy shepherd reclining on the sloping hill-side

— ‘Of the flowery vales,
And woods so full of nightingales.’

Bishop KRASICKI is called a Polish Voltaire. He however never attacked religion, as did the French philosopher. Krasicki revered religion; but although himself of the clergy, he was the scourge of the abuses and selfish views of his contemporaries. In his satires he was never personal, in which he is a match for Boileau: he seems even to surpass both Voltaire and Boileau in light wit and playfulness of fancy. From his own words, you will best conceive the principle which he has followed:

‘This satire (says he) tells truth; it abjures all personal concerns; it honors the government, reveres the king, and judges only the man.’ His *Myszeis*, or the war between the mice and the cats, in which the mice obtained the victory, and a dissolute Polish monarch and his supposed ministers, the cats, are devoured by the mice, is a delightful and sprightly creation of a fertile fancy. His translations of Horace, Pindar and Tacitus surpass any that have ever appeared in Europe.

The classic literature was more cultivated in Poland than among other nations of Europe, and no European nation can boast of as many valuable and excellent translations of the classics as Poland.

During the last century, French literature seemed to stretch its empire over all Poland. At this day such writers as Corneille,

Racine, Molière, etc., are often in the hands of the Poles; but the stately stilts of the French are no longer guides to a people accustomed to a more natural walk. Our writers resort to them for models of versatility of mind, and of light wit. The essence of their productions they prefer to take from our own stores.

Lessing, Schiller, Wieland and Goëthe have many translators in Poland. Some Poles devote years of study to the philosophy of Kant, Fichte and Schelling; yet the German theories cannot thrive on the Polish soil. The Poles have never mounted on the soaring wings of the transcendental mystic literature of that thoughtful nation, and I will repeat here what one of our writers says: 'They cannot disregard practical utility, to indulge in the pensive mood of ruminating and ideal minds, in dreaming over the non-existence of visible and palpable objects, which they know to exist from the evidence of their five senses.'

The free spirit of modern English literature, and its high authority, the law of nature, have gained it a more friendly reception in Poland. Shakspeare's plays are the object of study with the Poles. Dryden, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Lord Byron, Campbell, and some Scotch writers, such as Ossian, Sir Walter Scott, etc., have translations rivaling one another in beauty and correctness.

No author has ever left as many various productions as did our NIEMCEWICZ, who died in 1842, in Paris. He eminently excels in all his writings, but especially in tragedy, comedy, novels, elegies, fables, tales and satires. His 'Historical Songs' are in the hands of every Pole. This is a production peculiar to Poland. The late misfortunes of the country induced the poet to versify its history. No fitter contrivance has ever appeared for effectually extending the knowledge of history, for planting patriotic virtue in the bosom of the rising generation, and for making a love of their native land imperishable. These historical songs have been set by our ladies to vocal and instrumental music, whose enchanting strains, enshrining in the bosoms of our youth a mysterious patriotism, no earthly power can now arrest. This venerable poet was twice a political exile, and visited America with Kosciusko at the commencement of the present century, when he married a widow daughter of Governor LIVINGSTON in New-Jersey. Bishop WORONICZ is called the Polish HORACE; and certainly no writer ever possessed in a greater degree than Woronicz the '*Os magna sonatorum*' of Horace, and the regular and sublime dignity of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. MICKIEWICZ, a living poet, stands forth like a northern aurora in the moon-lighted heavens. It would be too much to ask from any nation to have a SHAKSPEARE; and it is said by a very high authority, that 'there is but one nation in Europe which has its own, nor perhaps will the world ever produce, such another paragon as SHAKSPEARE.' Still the lofty, profound and creative genius of MICKIEWICZ, in the judgment of all who can read and understand him in his own vernacular tongue, is the nearest akin to Albion's star.

The tender sex, destined to the charms and happiness of domestic life, have also trodden the path of the muses, and many have

already decked their temples with wreaths of literary fame. The productions of ELIZABETH DRUZBACKA are distinguished for their simplicity, combined with all the grace of female tenderness and gentle feelings: the poetical effusions of this lady are like Thomson's in his 'Seasons.' They do not however lose the stamp of the Slavonian origin. Princess CZARTORYSKI, her daughter Princess WIRTEMBERG, and Miss TANSKA, have not been surpassed by any foreign female writer. Some of their productions have been translated into all European languages, such as the 'Tales' portraying the domestic life of our peasantry. The 'Legacy of the Mother to her Daughter,' the 'Pilgrim of Dobromil,' etc. To many fair daughters of Poland, as to Wordsworth,

'THE meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

The following few lines, translated by one of my countrymen, from a song written by a Polish lady, during the late revolution of 1830, paint truly the tender and patriotic sentiments of our ladies:

'To-morrow shall sparkle the glorious star,
And to-morrow my love will be on to the war;
His dark eye will brighten to meet with the foe,
But he leaves my lone heart in the darkness of woe.

And to-morrow perhaps he will rest in the grave,
And no one will weep o'er the tomb of the brave;
Oh! this sad heart shall bleed for the doom of my love,
But ne'er from the grave can his ashes remove!

Perchance on that banner, the last gift of mine,
His last sigh shall linger, his last glance shall shine;
When he sleeps in the tomb, o'er his ashes 't will wave,
A relic of love on the tomb of the brave!

And yet he will perish, and perish for thee —
Oh! Poland, my mother! that thou may'st be free:
I will conquer my sorrow, and think but of thine —
And my love and my life I lay on thy shrine.'

Offering to the public the foregoing brief and desultory remarks on the Slavonians and their poetry, or rather its taste and spirit, I cannot forbear to observe, that the Slavonian race, in spite of misfortunes, do not lose the prototype of its primitive character. The people of all nations deriving their origin from that race, follow their own ideas and habits, and are peculiar in their social virtues. They delight in precepts of morality, of paternal sayings, transmitted in tradition from their fathers to the present generation. Their aboriginal poetry is still extant in songs, adorned with the lights and shades of pastoral and agricultural life. Their music resembles the plaintive wailings of orphan children; and even in their sports they do not seem to forget that they revel over the tombs of their illustrious sires. For long centuries they lived exclusively on the plentiful produce of their faithful soil, considering agriculture as the most honorable source of wealth. Even the poor in worldly stores are rich in kindness, and unsurpassed in hospitality. Their leading character is mildness: fidelity and cordial love, among the remotest family relations; high respect to the gray hairs of the aged; most fervent love of their native land, and undaunted valor

in defending their rights, are some of the fundamental characteristics common to every people of the Slavonian race. The nationality of some nations of this race, and especially of the Polish nation, has it is true suffered much from the effect of numerous adverse circumstances; but the scattered family members of these nations have carried abroad their tutelary household gods, to raise it in mildness and strength to a superior height of moral dignity and power.

E A R L Y L O S T , E A R L Y S A V E D .

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WITHIN her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled :
A strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue ;
Till every one who saw her, were thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall ;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined ;
Till all who knew her wondered that God should be so good,
As to bless with such a spirit our desert world and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody and truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth ;
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could not love her more.

Then out-spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,
As with strong arm but tender, he caught her to his breast :
' Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face :

' Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung ;
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know the taint of sin :

' Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is nor sin nor anguish, nor sorrow nor decay ;
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be —
Lo ! I crown her happy spirit with immortality !'

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel who loved her best, was DEATH.

MY UNCLE, THE PARSON.

NUMBER FOUR.

SHE was one of that small class of the Sex said my Uncle the Parson, in whom birth, grace, wit, beauty, education, manners and accomplishments unite to make a Lady: and, withal, that tact and aptitude of life, that refinement of the heart, that nicety of discernment, and readiness alike of purpose and of expression, without which all these other qualities make up an Inventory rather than an Existence.

Of established, and highly-cultivated, and precious Taste, yet combatting that of no other individual; of deep feeling, with slight but elegant expression of it, her very gentleness was a repressed vivacity, and her cheerfulness an inspired discretion; so that young and old had equal pleasure in her society, which was throughout life courted by both.

There was no lapse, no void, no indifference or listlessness for a moment either of intellect or of affection. She drank the full cup of life, although so gracefully as to seem only playing with it's brink.

So perfect was her Religion, and so uniform in its influences, that under every loss and disappointment in life, as in every acquisition, she seemed to find fresh argument for the love of God and devotion to His holy truth; and yet so humble and unobtrusive was she, that unless it were her duty to speak on the subject, it was necessary to introduce it, in order to elicit her opinions.

When she was brought to dwell however on topics of this nature, it was to the certain edification of every listener. Nothing was sectarian, but all things Christian. Her mind was alike distant from the reveries of enthusiasm, as from the vain and indeterminate speculations of philosophy; nor do I think that at any moment that beautiful verse of the poet, (at all times applicable to her,) seemed ever so closely as then to distinguish her peculiar spirit:

'HER Soul was like a Star, and shone APART.'

At length, the time came when this true Lady, having reached the verge of seventy years of age in the most entire possession of all her mental faculties, and without appearing to undergo much bodily sufferance, was to be taken from us; and it became my duty, as it certainly was my great privilege, frequently to visit at the side of her death-bed — a privilege of which I availed myself so often, as at last to enter almost with the freedom of a member of her immediate family.

Her residence was at a short distance from town, but the position of it was quite secluded, and I left my chaise under the care of the boy, at the gate of the avenue that led to her house, lest the sound

of the wheels might possibly interrupt her repose. It was my last visit to her, and it was on the day preceding that of her decease. It was in August, mute August; and the silence that environed the deep shades of her retirement was invaded only by the long, drone-like, but distant sound of the locusts, that, with their surging and reiterated wail of many voices, seemed to occupy alone and unseen the white sun-light and the blue still air: at times ceasing abruptly from all sound; and then again suddenly renewing their chorus with a quick rude cry, that opened nearer than before and that startled the ear at the presumption with which they took possession of immeasurable space.

It was one of those days when the deep azure of the firmament succeeds the colder sapphire tint, and Heaven appears no longer at a distance from the Earth; but descends, in yielding gentleness, to clothe the hill-tops and surround the spires.

Then each landscape and each vale rejoices in its own peculiar canopy of blue. The mariner then, upon the shoreless sea, perceives the softened hue all curtained and sustained around him in a small circumference of mercy, and knows and feels that God is near! And the hunter, upon the towering mountain cliff, forgets his game, and rests upon his uncharged rifle, to imagine how the spirits of the Just made perfect, might if his eyes were opened, be seen even then ascending and descending in the abyss that hangs before him and below, filled with an atmosphere of such ineffable delight. 'Oh God! saith he, how beautiful art THOU in all THY works! And COLOUR — what is it but a name for THY Divine Beatitude! a living, silent, ever-varying expression of THY Joy!'

I believe I have mentioned, continued my Uncle the parson, that this Lady lived in the vicinity of the seaport. The church-bells sometimes send their chimes from the city as far inland as the place of her abode; and the caulker's hammer-stroke flings its frequent echo over the water, and through the trees, and up the glade, so steadily and in such a measured cadence, that when wafted by the southern wind, it converts itself into musick by the time it reaches to the spot: and then it tells, in song, of voyages around the earth; and foreign lands; of sailor's hopes, and perils; of active hardship and adventurous life — but neither the chime of bells, nor sound of hammer-stroke, nor tale of industry, nor ways of foreign climes, nor project of adventure, fell upon the ear that day. It was all stillness; intense stillness.

As I approached the open hall-door I remember, a bee, scared from the cup of a late convolvulus that hung upon the trellis-work of the door-way, went off with a humming sound so loud, that I feared it might prove a disturbance to the family — so still, so tranquil, and so hallowed, seemed to be the *rest* that pervaded the mid-day Sabbath of the scene.

I entered the house and mounted the stairway with a noiseless footstep, and was received into the shaded chamber by one of her daughters without a word having passed between us or any signal given of my approach. The only sustenance that was administered

to her at that period was a little fruit occasionally, or a small piece of bread sopped in wine; and she was at that moment receiving it.

Her son entreated her after the bread to drink a few drops of the champaigne that the Physician had prescribed, and by way of engaging her attention observed, 'You know, my dear Madam, it is written that we are not to live by bread alone.' She looked at him with an expression that wanted only one small movement for translation into Heaven, and then replied:

'Oh my son! could we but realize the whole of that sublime text, 'not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God!' It is not the natural, it is the spiritual food, the food that nourisheth the Soul; this it is that we chiefly need, that we truly want, my dear son!'

She was raised forward and took the wine from his hand with a most engaging look, and all the grace of manner that distinguished her in health. But long after she had been replaced upon her pillows the train of thought occupied her spirit, and I could hear her repeating word after word of the text she had cited.

At last, when she was supposed to have fallen asleep, she spoke in her calm silvery voice, 'There is nothing to us now, in our small way of judging of the life to come, more admirable than *it's infinite duration*.'

She added nothing more. The stillness was such that not a letter of the sentence was lost, and I left the apartment and wrote it down, said my uncle the parson, as an effusion which I could not but think shewed alike, that she was bordering on immortality and transcendently prepared for it.

For what state of elevation must that soul have attained, which can embrace the thought of any thing more wonderful or admirable than eternity? Could she have meant perchance—must she not have meant?—that this spiritual food by means of which the soul is nourished from the SPIRIT of God is hereafter to be shewn to us to be more admirable, more greatly wonderful, than the Infinite Duration of Existence?

Among the Death-bed scenes as they are termed, which we are professionally called upon to witness, there are instances that are deeply trying to the heart. The long, earnest, inquiring, immoveable gaze of the young and beautiful sufferer; at such an age, and for the first time, to realize the advancing step and irresistible approach of the Destroyer! How closely and impressively does it not dwell upon the recollection! The brave man summoning all his energies to maintain his silence and composure, and longing for the Dawn. The Death of Despair. And, hardly at times less fearful, the Triumphant Death, as it is vainly called.

How beautiful and edifying, was it then, said my uncle the parson, to witness the soul of this confirmed Christian, preparing to dispossess itself of its earthly tenement in perfect resignation and tranquility of mind! without a single thought of disturbance, or of doubtful apprehension. A serene and unclouded intelligence took it's rule over all the natural tendencies of hope and fear, and

gave us an unquestionable intimation of the Life Eternal. An Intelligence, that occupied itself, not with the concerns of the dying invalid, but with enlarged and comprehensive views of the state on the borders of which it stood, submissively waiting to enter, and of its relations with the Source of Love and Truth. The Spirit at such moments appears enlightened by the brightness that it contemplates, as the countenance of the Spectator sometimes wears the gentle radiance of some effulgent appearance in the natural Heavens, on which it is seen to gaze with confidence and delight.

I had visited her abode, said my uncle the parson, to impart strength, and I had received it. To fortify and enrich her mind with scriptural blessing, and I returned home laden from the same source with unspeakable good.

If Love, that is interchanged between two frail and earthly beings incapable of entire disinterestedness, can, as it surely does, fill the human Soul with a vast and overwhelming tenderness and joy, and impart to existence a charm that is altogether new and unspeakable, how far beyond all utterance of delight must the love be that may bind the Soul to God!

Instead of the uncertainty and evanescence that of necessity belong to all human affection, here is a sentiment lasting as Eternity and pure as Heaven! Here, failings *can* exist only on one side, and these all to be met on the other by boundless mercy and infinite compassion. Here are Gifts beyond all jewels of the Earth and Sea, food beyond all want, and passages of affection of every moment's recurrence.

Interchanges of fervour that admit not of a doubt; occasions for the expression of gratitude and of love that absence can never for a moment hinder or interrupt. Glows of devotion that are acknowledged the moment they are felt. Thoughts beyond words that are yet imparted. A fadeless charm. Imperishable Hope. Immeasurable Faith. Unbroken Communion. On the one side, Eternal Love; and, on the other, the thought, the enduring, the absorbing thought, 'He *first* hath loved us!'

It was this state of mind that the soul of this true Lady had for many years attained; in which she dwelt. It was the hidden treasure of her bosom; the unfailing source of the energy and tranquillity with which she met and sustained her full share of the poignant trials and all the stern realities of life. It had become the dominant principle of her conduct, to which every incident was at once referred, and which determined every act. And yet so far was it from inducing any thing in the least degree unamiable or sombre in her manner, that she seemed to possess a constant buoyancy of thought and of affection; the liveliest interest in the happiness of all around her, which she had the art of promoting without interference; and, at times, a light festivity of grace was hers, such as belongs to the beings that play above 'the plighted clouds!'

Many years have elapsed since I enjoyed the charm of her society or the influence of her example, but it has never been lost or obscured in my recollection, said my uncle the parson. When I

pass 'near the dwelling that was once her's, her image and the silvery tones of her voice occupy me, and her words are a comfort to my thoughts. I suppose you would smile if I were to tell you, that in consequence, as I sometimes suppose, of the associations of that day, there is to my ear a rhythm and at times a pleasure in the long wail of the locust, mingling it as I do with the recollections of that last morning of my intercourse with her. But you will understand me, I hope, said my uncle to me, if I say that when the azure Heavens descend in the softness of that day upon us, I often raise my hands to God to thank Him for the Gift of Woman, His frequent instrument of benefaction; our first, our last, our dearest, truest friend; the protector, instructor, refiner of our sex, and often the Angel of our path toward the Realms of peace: and then to acknowledge, with the offering of a grateful heart, the precious favour of my friendship with this true Lady.'

Gentle Reader, love my Uncle the Parson!

JOHN WATERS.

T O F A N C Y .

LEAD on! lead on! thou maid of bliss!
Sorrow, with thee, far dearer is
Than Mirth's loud peal to me.
Let Judgment scold; let Prudence rail;
Let all the world in kindness fail,
So Thou, sweet nymph! art bright and free.

The glare of Wealth, the pride of power,
Are gaudy pageants of 'an hour,
That Fortune's frown may fade.
But Honour's dream; but Hope's sweet guile;
Love's magic love, and Woman's smile,
Borrow their joys from thee, dear maid!

Each charm of sense to thee gives place,
Thou Light of Life! Affection's grace!
Blest Fancy! blest, to me!
Oh! in Despair's deep, changeless night,
When Hope was blasted from my sight,
Cam'st Thou, in beauty drest, to me.

Thy falcon beam, misfortune flies!
At thy sweet voice, new Hopes arise,
And gay content appears;
We cannot mourn while Thou art kind,
Thou Rainbow-Spirit of the mind!
Celestial pledge of happier years!

All that we know of perfect Love,
All that we dream of Heaven above,
Dear Fancy! comes from Thee.
Then lead me! love me, maid of bliss!
One smile from Thee more precious is
Than all that Earth can yield, to me.

JOHN WATERS.

DREAM OF THE WIFE OF PONTIUS PILATE.

'WHEN he was set down on the judgment-seat, his wife sent unto him saying: 'Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.'

ST. MATTHEW.

MY LOVING LORD: After the tidings came
Of rife sedition, from the Sanhedrim,
And hasty couriers summoned thee away,
At early dawn, unto the judgment-seat,
I sank again into a troubled sleep;
When, midst uneasy tossings to and fro,
Visions of horror inconceivable,
And dire portent to thee I saw, which shook
My inmost soul with fears unknown before.

Methought that we for ages both had lain
Inurned within the shady grove that skirts
Our favorite villa near Præneste, when
Sudden we heard a trumpet-blast that rang
And swelled its beating note prolonged, until,
All shattered by the piercing sound, the stone
In fragments burst, and from our prison cold
Again in corporal form a mighty wind
Rapt us aloft, and as if on the wings
Of desert-whirlwinds, with resistless force
Swift rushing, dashed us through the air, that seemed
A chaos of thick darkness palpable,
Mingled with fire; and armies of the dead,
Sprung from their tombs like us by that dread tramp,
In myriad-throngs were hurtled through the gloom.
How far we thus were driven I felt not, for
No thought could measure distance then; but, quick,
In an instant, all the innumerable hosts
Were marshalled, side by side, along a bridge:
A narrow bridge, long as a thousand worlds—
Its very ends invisible from length;
And all upheld only by slender piers
That rested, far down, on a sea of fire; and that,
Not like dull-glowing Phlegethon, whose stream,
Within its ninefold belt of sluggish red,
Engirdles feigned Elysium; billows huge
Of tumbling flame I saw, that surged and roared;
Whose breaking crests shot up fork'd tongues of fire,
Like deadly serpents' tongues, with hissings fierce;
While fast the hungry element devoured
The burning bases of the slender props
That held us from their jaws. Oh, horrible!

And yet not long I gazed, for now that tramp
Had ceased, and, from a distance echoing,
The advancing sounds of solemn music rose,
And 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord of Hosts!'
Filled the becalméd air. I looked and saw,
Ranged in a sevenfold round of vast expanse,
Ten thousand times ten thousand angel forms,

Whose crystal eyes, and ever-glancing wings,
 And loud-resounding golden harps, flashed light
 Reflected from the glory of their God;
 Himself as yet unseen by us, behind
 His thick pavilion-curtains of dark cloud.
 These rolled away, but then my dazzled eyes,
 Dark with excess of light, beheld no more:
 Till lo! before the throne a man appeared,
 With infinite majesty yet meekness clothed;
 A man, but yet instinct with Deity,
 Before whom all the heavenly hosts fell down,
 And sang loud halleluiahs, whose glad noise
 Reschoed through creation's utmost bound,
 And chiming stars, with music of the spheres,
 Swelled the triumphant symphony of glory.
 That man I saw, was this same Jesus. There,
 Before his Father's throne he raised his hands,
 From whose new-opened wounds big drops distilled,
 While from his blessed feet and pierced side
 The ruddy streams rolled down; then slow held out
 Those bleeding hands to *thee*, and awful wrath
 And doom o'ershadowed his majestic brow,
 While, with stern voice, yet sorrowful, he said:
 'This Roman had the power to release,
 Yet gave he up the innocent to die!'

Not halleluiahs now, but groans of wo,
 And anguish such as spirits only feel,
 Mingled with mutterings of deadly hate,
 Were heard: and all the illimitable line
 That overhung the fiery ocean, joined,
 With gnashing howls and execrations dire,
 The general burst of fury. At the sound,
 Cleaving the billows of the burning flood,
 A flight of fiends arose: their black wings swept
 In rapid circles round through rolling smoke,
 Till o'er our heads their forms of dusky fire
 Hung for an instant poised; then, swooping down
 Like lightning, round thee clutched their scorching arms.
 Thou sank'st; in vain, above thy blazing head,
 Wringing in agony ensanguined hands,
 That still dropped blood before high Heaven! And when,
 Like falling meteors, ye plunged in
 The flaming gulph, thy piercing shrieks and yells
 So shook my shivering soul, that their shrill noise
 Scattered the shadows of tyrannic sleep,
 And scared me from this horror-laden dream;
 Whose shuddering terror yet benumbed my sense,
 And that cry yet was ringing in mine ears;
 When, as I waked, I heard the rabble hoarse
 Shout: 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'

Thou
 Hast heard that cry; thou fearest for thy power,
 Tottering before the maddened rage of mobs,
 Whose loud tongues thirst to lap up innocent blood;
 But have thou naught to do with that just man!
 He is a God! With mine own eyes I saw
 The hosts of Heaven fall down and worship Him!
 And if, though guiltless, thou shalt give him o'er
 To cruel death, his blood be on *thy* head;
 And fiery vengeance shall devour thy soul!

Good-Friday, 1844.

ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE-DOODLE.

CHAPTER SECOND.

At the very first complexion of the morning, the Green Mountain boy springs to his heels, forces his head and a good section of his back-bone into gelid water, and is bright and brilliant as he is at high noon. Among the low and dismal swamps, a short snooze always turns into an apoplectic trance. Sunshine cannot even make them sneeze. A battalion of rats might run over their cheek-bones, or nibble away at their cadaverous noses until nothing nasal were left, and never rouse up the population of louts. There the patriarch and young men, at the approach of day, groan upon their beds worse than a gladiator with a sword stuck through him, thrust their knuckles into their eyes, (but their eye-balls take the impression like dough,) put their jaws out of joint with yawning, and stretch their legs into a knotted cramp: rise bolt upright, and then fall back again with an expiring groan, like the blade of a jack-knife without a spring. Finally, they crawl out with bleared eyes. In a couple of hours they get hold of the plough; the clumsy oxen stumbling over every clod, at a stand-still at every turn, while the plough-boy has hardly energy to cry out, in a passionless voice, 'Gee-haw, there! I tell you to haw, now!' Oh! it is melancholy to be dying all the time, and yet to be eighty years old on the margin of a green ditch, and the only avenue to death a bare foot, a rusty nail, and the locked-jaw.

The small locality already introduced has been only by way of contrast. It is a curiosity in the state. The Yankee-Doodle mountains are remarkable for brightness and purity of air, every breath of which is equal to a draught of champagne wine. The mornings are crisp and frosty; there is no limit to the eye-sight; and the air is so clear that a blown horn has a prevalence which is well nigh universal. The sound of it goes all around one amphitheatre of hills, and the sky flings it back into another valley and against other hill-sides, and so all round the compass, below and above; so that, as the great SHAKESPEARE has most marvellously expressed it, in I know not which of his compositions, you would suppose *another chase were in the sky*. And the water itself would seem to have a most intoxicating quality, like the springs mentioned by Admiral Pinto, in his exploration of the small island of Gardarella. I know not how it is, but the jackasses cannot take a small sip of it out of a mill-pond without they nearly split themselves with coughing; horses run away every day and break their necks over the precipices, and colts are too hilarious for their owners. For I have seen one wait with as meek an eye as the gazelle's until the halter

was beneath his nose, not a muscle moving, a perfect statue of a colt; when he would of a sudden rise up, as if to throw his arms around his master's neck, after which fling out his hinder hoofs, and with several grotesque gyrations and witty conceits, gallop off at such a rate, as I have heard his master say, the devil could n't catch him.

The very cocks crow with a more clarified and illustrious outcry, as if they had got, every cock of them, a lump of refined sugar beneath his tongue. And so of other animals, which are by nature jocund, and which can scarce contain themselves in the brisk air of these realms. The squirrel will whiz round the trunk of a tree in a spiral fashion, and be at the first landing-place among the branches before an asthmatic patient could breathe twice; and there he will sit, his most superb tail curled over his spine till it shadows his brilliant eyes, holding a hickory-nut on the points of his fingers as one would a cyathus or goblet, while he will curve his neck most archly; and having chiselled away the whole kernel with a sharp tooth, he will cast around him a great many furtive glances, and in an instant he is gone. The rabbit is more lively than usual, and hops like a piece of India-rubber, though not of equal gracefulness with the squirrel, for the reason that his bobbishness of tail and snub-nose do by no means admit of it, albeit his ears are of a lively action. Yes, the air makes every thing bright in Coos county. The grave-stones, which are from a white quarry, sparkle like the best sugar. And now I speak of it, there is a grave-yard which is beautiful by moonlight. It is on a hill-side, and seen at a distance, you would say at a first glance that you were looking at a great flock of white sheep grazing. Afterward you stand corrected, and admire the regular gradation of the marbles, and say to your friend, (each of you *Æt. fifty*,) that the next fifty years will in all probability put you both under the sod. A great many clear-headed and ingenious skulls have been buried here, each one of them worth a hundred calabashes of *Lazy-Lane*.

This brings me to the topic of intellectual character, which is very much influenced in its activity by other circumstances than the mere architecture of the skull; as whether the landscape be dull or the stomach be bilious. Inasmuch as it has been stated that the very plants disport themselves in a hardier health, and brute creatures are lively to distraction; the men also are skittish and lively in their exploits of mind. Yes, the inhabitants of Coos county are full of fleas.* They are so quick and lively in their perceptions, and one idea begets another with such flashing rapidity, that it can be likened only to that insect mentioned by Carduffe, which finds itself a grandfather in ten minutes. You shall begin with an infant who is rocked in his cradle. Lest it be thought that we swerve from the main subject, his name is *STUBBS*; as it is written in that

* This is a mere proverbial expression, to be taken figuratively. It signifies that ideas come and go so swiftly that they can hardly be laid hold of, and merely tickle the brain of the sufferer, and keep him devoted to the eternal business of scratching.

time-worn ballad, '*He stuck a feather in his cap, and called him Macaroni.*'

Inspect the infant, which is by no means willing to sleep at all, except the place be dark as pitch, or he has received a spoon-full of laudanum; and then he involuntarily rubs his eyes with his thumb-knuckles, and is crowing long before the cocks. If there be not speculation in his eyes, then was there no speculation in the year of our Lord thirty-seven. There the light of his little body already centres, and the wheels and cogs of a good deal of machinery are beginning to be traced out, like a spider's net-work, on the tender filaments of his brain. You will see his eyes, which are of the size of two narrow-fat peas, well grown, flicker about with vivacity, and suddenly hang fixed in mid-space. He has got them fastened on some ingenious mechanism, and his reflective air is manifest, till his whole countenance will begin to expand, and he looks forsooth as if *Eureka* were on his tongue's end. He is taken to the meeting-house at the end of four years to hear Calvinism preached, but his uneasy air would indicate that he was acted upon by galvanism. He pays no manner of regard to the doctrine, although in due time he will no doubt get to be a professor, and finding nothing curious or attractive within, impatiently talks aloud, and the minister already fixes his condition among those infants of a small size who will at some future day be found among the taller inhabitants of Hell. This is all I have to say about the early days of *STUBBS*.

Of the grown-up man an acuteness of perception and a very peculiar eye to the *MAIN CHANCE* is here the distinguishing characteristic of your true Yankee-Doodle. It is a trait which all men have more or less by the gift of their common nature; and some of the very best will occasionally leave their ancient fathers behind when the cry is once raised, 'Every man for himself, and God for us all.' But this keen insight and peculiar ability in deciphering the interests of number one, are not in the *first place* the result of age, or climate, or institutions, although extremely promoted by the air of Coos mountains, and the remainder part of New-England. Nature often contrives some new die, which she does not break, as when Sheridan was moulded. That great miser Elwes, had he migrated to the Alleghany mountains in America, and there experienced nuptial happiness, might have been the father of a race who to the last posterity would have refused to die by a wax taper when they could equally well die in the dark. Or perhaps this trait would be lost for some generations, and come up only occasionally, like a head out of water, or more properly like the king's-evil, it might occasionally skip over but réappear. Thus every other generation would die by the light of a farthing candle, and every other generation would die without. A long nose will sometimes be productive of long noses for centuries; and there hangs one at this minute on the wainscoting of Chesideck Hall, as large as Cæsar's bridge, whose correspondent shadow was sprung there in the days of the great Alfred.

You may perhaps be familiar with the very pleasant little history of the Dalrymple dimple, recorded in that singular book called

'Hester's Memoirs,' which is no where to be found, I believe, out of the Cambridge library. This pretty dimple was so placed by an artful nature upon the cheeks of a most sweet young woman, that she did but smile to make her graces irresistible. It was a most killing dimple, but it never died; that was in the days of William the Conqueror, yet it prevails to this day on the cheeks of the Lady Alice, who is not more admired for her lovely countenance than for her GOOD HEART. These physical samples will make it evident that there was one great progenitor, who was the FIRST YANKEE DOODLE.

Before advancing another step, it will be interesting to the utilitarian and patentee, to go back for a short sketch to this great original — Adam of the race — of whose genius the remaining clock-makers inherit in comparison but a feeble sparkle. Seldom do an extraordinary man's posterity not degenerate; yet strange as it may appear, the pride of birth increases ever in the ratio of the distance. Yet if the streams are honored by reason of their connexion, though diluted and dwindled in their remote wanderings, how honorable is it, Napoleon-like, to be the very source and fountain of nobility!

Who ever has heard certain words pronounced by the New Angles, will be convinced of a peculiar compound twang, which cannot be represented by letters. 'Cal'late' is a verb whose middle liquids are too glib to be likened to any thing but a small globule of smooth oil. And there are certain combinations which, pronounced one after another, have the same influence on the sense as a succession of small puffs of assafetida. No injury is intended by this, for the latter is very soothing to the nerves of many people. It is delightful to those with whom the almond tree doth flourish, and fears are in the way, and they are 'afraid of that which is high.' So also the sound of some diphthongs is musical as the harp of Memnon in some 'localities.' Now if you have been listening to a 'native,' you have no doubt been presently struck with 'your orator,' and have asked yourself whence this peculiarity. It is not occasioned by the brisk air, as a bell will sound with a cracked and wheezing asthma in the winter, but the man sucked it in no doubt with the milk of parental affection; and his 'anxious mother' in turn derived it; and so we should arrive at the first Yankee-Doodle just as all Jews, Turks, heretics and infidels might be tracked right back to the elder Adam; may his bones rest in peace!

There is some slight memorial of the First Yankee, though it is to be regretted it is so small, and does not comprise much more than the substance of a line sometimes seen on tomb-stones:

'WEEP not for me, my children dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here.'

Such as it is I have it from that very remarkable work called 'Pixon's Curiosities of Character,' published in 1690, a single copy of which may be seen in the library of a private gentleman in Wolverstraw. I knew the first character which my eye alighted upon as the identical 'old block' from which we have so many fine

whittlings. A health to the first and foremost of his race! Hail Columbia, and *E pluribus Unum!*

The person alluded to was a fine illustration of phrenology, showing that the science existed in the head long before any bumps were discovered. Just as the principles of rhetoric were inherent long before Phillip's delivered his speeches, or even Longinus wrote upon the Sublime. The first Yankee could not help himself. Do not be so eternally taken in, as to mistake the force of these words. I guess if any mortal being ever had his ten fingers and two eyes, and knew how to use them for self-preservation, he might have been that particular individual. Did he not always have a keen eye to his safety? Was he not always where his own interest required? '*He was n't no where else.*' What I intended to say was, that he could not *help helping himself*. The inclination was so powerful, the bump was so strong. It was his destiny, *volens volens*, to fulfil his pedestrian and predestinarian objects, and these all had a bearing on his own future success. Do not impute it to a fault. A man who is phrenologically developed will shut up his bowels of compassion or scatter his money broad-cast, according to the bumps. His bent is so plain, that it is visible at the first blush, if it has got any blush. As Mr. Parley observed of Langstaff's sermon on Balaam's ass: it was so plain that '*it stuck right out.*' There do n't seem to be much use of any man's resisting such propensities, for they are equal to very strong horse-power. He can't help himself. He may annoy society as much as the fly which troubled the Alpine maid, when the capital Holland drove it away from her fair neck. He may even have the brass to say '*Vell, vot of it?*' or at least imply as much, by directing your hand to a small bruise on a certain part of his head, or rather prominence, under which is hidden the cog-wheels and machinery of his ingenious wickedness. When poachers are found with an egg in either hand, it is high time to inquire, '*What of it?*'

When one Bill Mills was taken up last week in Brooklyn for stealing a cloak at the navy-yard, he utterly denied having done it, although he had it on at the time. The muscles of his arm moved in the act, but these were traceable to some spot in the brain, and there the despotic agency resided. He, for his part, was opposed to the measure: he would rather have gone all winter without a cloak, let the thermometer stand how it would; and he said with many tears that he would sooner have lived on a crust; that he had nothing to say to it; the devil did it. On this plea he was let off. Those who have read the Courier and Enquirer all know that a singular victim of the bump of picking and stealing was lately reported. None of your ordinary jail-birds, but brought up by pious Boston parents. He was found in the shops of 'New-York city' helping himself to any little thing which tickled his fancy, and keeping a daily journal or memorandum-book, in which the items are more curious than any thing to be found in all the memorabilia of Vidocq: '*Mem. To stop in at Bonfanti's, scrutinize, and get things.*' Here the prevalent genius called aloud for mercy. The tendency was irresistible; he

had a big lump on his head; but the young man, for the good of society, was put under college discipline for a season. Lord Timothy Dexter was predestinated. He felt irresistibly moved to send warming-pans to the West Indies, which came in the nick of time, and proved a perfect God-send to the planters. He was well called *Dexter*, which implies something fortunate, just the same as *sinister* would mean unlucky.

You talk about reason. How can a man restrain his risibles? On New-Year's night a broad-faced, red-headed butcher from the country fixed himself in a front box of the Bowery Amphitheatre and became so bloated and convulsed with the clown's pleasantry that no body could catch the wit of the piece for his uproar. At last it was intimated to him, gently at first, that he 'must be done that.' The rationalistic part of him saw the propriety of this, till Mr. Gossin's next repartee, accompanied with a prodigious whip-cracking, proved the death of his efforts, and he was carried out by an indignant company, exclaiming 'I can't help it! I can't help it!' The first Yankee was possessed of that strong common sense which has rendered his name a proverb, and which has not yet run itself out, although the race is already numerous, and mixed up with every denomination under the sun. He came to America with nothing under heaven but a jack-knife, not even bringing his own shingle, but cal'lated he could smell out the resin, and cut his own stick. He asked the loan of a gate to sit on, for the privilege of which he was to repair the wear and tear of it, and let the cows in when they came home from pasturage. He kept himself supplied with sticks, and got a good living: no man ever whittled himself into more abundant 'victual.' You might suppose that the rails would cut him; on the contrary he cut the rails. Sometimes as his legs hung down he got low spirited, thinking of a squash-grinder that he lost, or he squirted through his teeth with listless indifference at some very minute object, not even looking to see whether he hit it. That was a matter of course. 'He didn't do any thing else.' But to see him cut, shave, splint or split, hack or sharpen, was interesting. He seemed born to '*make things*.' A sort of poetic faculty, the material of whose sublimity was a simple shingle. Provided only after such a fashion, with nothing but a little pine or hemlock, how *could* he '*make things*?' If his cranium were here at this moment, with a tolerably correct map of the geography of those parts, it would be very easy to show where the power came from. It is the very attribute of genius to make things out of nothing; to manufacture bricks without straw, learn lessons without study, dash off poems by inspiration, and get along 'somehow.' It was the very elegance of paring, his use of the jack-knife. I have seen a tolerably decent man sit down among ladies, and having taken his pen-knife out of his waistcoat pocket and released the blade, neatly describe the circumference of his ten finger nails, paring, polishing, rounding, scraping as needs be; then shutting it up with a sharp click, put it in his pocket with a refreshed lustre of the eye, as if he had just washed his hands clean. I have always thought this an elegant operation, and perhaps enough for

the nerves of a stout man. But to see him cut a stick was more refined, and wholly divested of the disagreeable. How he would survey the whole length and shape of it with his eye, turning his head sideways, and squinting along the irregular surface, so that his face looked like a squeezed lemon. Then grasping the large buck handle in a fist which weighed about two pounds, he made a bold gash to the very neighborhood of his knee-pan; and the coiled up shavings rolled away as a hair curls up to a woolly shortness in the flame of a candle. How he would disport with the softness of the wood, and carve it into any shape he pleased, though it might be a chain of many links, as a great writing-master amuses himself with the letters of the English alphabet, and out of the capitals cuts the most fantastic shapes; sometimes an elephant erecting his trunk, at others the expanded wings of an American eagle.

But it was by no means the destiny of this great original to sit all day on a gate, after the spoiled boy's ambition. He filled a pedlar's cart with 'things' and started off on the grand tour of bargaining and swapping. The country was not well settled, and he had not been an hour in the wilderness before he was waltzing about with a wolf. Shortly after he got entangled in the rapids of a river, and seemed to stand no more chance than a feather in a hurricane, but the next day he was seen walking calmly on the banks picking up his wooden bowls. He could scarcely clamber a tree without meeting a wild-cat at every limb. There is a letter written 'to home,' recorded on the ninety-fifth page, first volume, of Pixon:

'It's clear, cold mounting air,' says he, 'this mornin', as your brother sets down this mornin', to write a letter to you this mornin'. Here's hopin' the church to Fulham is flourishin'. I want you to sell my oats at the going price. Could you tell me where I'd be liable to dispose of about twenty pound o' putty? It don't stick good enough to sell along roads that like as not I'm comin' back on. Your brother has had a great deliverance from a bear lately, for which the LORD be praised!'

Then follows a story too strange to be transcribed, and which would destroy the credit of our remaining narrative. I do not know that it would go ahead of Mr. Buckingham's lion stories and long yarns in general with which he entertained the good people of the States. But as an individual, maintaining a character for moral rectitude, I think it best to be careful—it's best to be careful. Sometimes it is a great deal tougher not to do a thing than to do it. I had much rather tell this bear story than to let it alone; but some might shake their heads and give me fair notice to tell the like of that to the marines, as the tropical savage did who listened to a description of ice; and others might go away, refusing to return again, just as old Alphasi-bæus did when he listened to Sicyon's lecture on the times of Troy. We all know what happened to Corabel in Warlock's account of the Zimri, a warning to all men to avoid Munchausen's epitaph:

'HERE he LIES
Kill'd by Fate:
For he was a great
LIAR.'

I wish I could describe the Yankee's wagon, for that's as true as any fact on record. It was an airy-looking thing, containing for the most part compact boxes, and the principal department of it was devoted to buttons. A feature in it was a large black dog, wearing a tin collar, who sat in front, particularly trained to his duty. Whenever the wagon started anew he ran before, vociferously barking, and jumping up at the horses' heads. When the Yankee-Doodle jumped off his seat, *he* jumped on, and when the Yankee-Doodle jumped on, he jumped off. On arriving at a house his master would dismount, and taking a large bunch of keys from his pocket, apply one to a padlock in the rear of the wagon; when instantly a lid would fall and show a folding-door, well locked. On opening this, a set of drawers presented themselves containing boxes, in their turn containing buttons, in many of which a man might see his eyes. The remaining fixtures were equally curious. The top was devoted to the department of brooms, and the front to wooden bowls.

There is always an obscurity hanging about the great men who live in any heroic age of history, the first possessors of those great bumps and developments, which partially inherited, are the foundations of national character. The history of Hercules is wrapped up in much fable. The first Yankee-Doodle disappeared somehow, as he was travelling over the Green Mountains, in a heavy fog or mist, which enveloped his wagon so thoroughly that his departure seemed like an apotheösis. He was never heard of afterward; and all that is farther known of him can be testified to by all New-England: *he left a family.*

T H E H A R E - B E L L .

I.

ABOVE her lone and lowly tomb,
Like sorrow's incense o'er the dead,
Shedding its fresh and sweet perfume,
The Harebell droops its pensive head
For youth and beauty fled!

II.

When summer winds, with plaintive sigh,
Breathe gentle requiems round the bier,
The dew-drops 'neath the placid sky
Fall sadly as a lover's tear
For one who sleepeth there.

III.

And when the wind with roughened swell
Sweeps wildly past the house of death,
The floweret shakes each tiny bell,
And peals a soft and solemn knell
O'er her who rests beneath.

S T A N Z A S : ' N O M O R E . '

BY JOHN H. KEYN.

I.

'T is eve. And from the eastern height
 Gray Twilight leads the spangled Night ;
 From hill and vale the welcome gloom
 Now sends the heavy laborers home,
 And Silence shuts the door.
 At length o'er nature Sleep resumes her reign,
 And weary hearts are wrung by grief and pain
 No more.

II.

Closed is the sightless eye ; the ear
 Doth no melodious music hear ;
 Pleasure and Passion drop the rein ;
 The tongue is mute, the busy brain
 Forgets its labored lore.
 Yet, though sweet Slumber wears a death-like face,
 The bed is but a transient resting-place —
 No more.

III.

So, when our day of Life is done,
 Gray Twilight's shades come glooming on ;
 And, as we hasten to the close,
 The earthly toils, and fears, and woes,
 That troubled us before,
 All hie them homeward to the grave, and there
 They vex the wearied heart with grief and care
 No more.

IV.

Closed is the sightless eye ; the ear
 No warbling strain shall ever hear ;
 Pleasure and Passion drop the rein ;
 The tongue is mute, the busy brain
 Here loses all its lore :
 Yet, though pale Death is stamped upon the face,
 The grave is but a transient resting-place —
 No more.

V.

Then sleep on now and take your rest,
 Ye saints whom Jesus' love hath blest :
 Dawn on the eastern mountains stands !
 At sunrise ye shall burst your bands,
 On glorious wing shall soar,
 And sing your morning song before the Throne,
 Where Night and Sleep shall cease, and Death be known
 No more !

Burlington, Vt., Dec. 24, 1845.

VOL. XXVII.

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHMID.

‘Ich habe gerschen was (Ich weiss das.) Ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihrer erzählung.’
 TREVIKANTOS, TO COLERIDGE.
 ‘I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.’

MRS. JULIA SMITH, the ambitious lady of Mr. John Smith, had received the last congé of the last guest of a very large party of those who formed the self-constituted aristocracy of the great city of Babylon the Less. The varnished and conventional smile of society had vanished from her fair face, and she stood in the centre of one of her splendid suite of rooms, gazing with an honest expression of wretchedness at the spots and puddles of spermaceti which had descended from her numerous candelabras and brackets, to the great injury of her rich carpets and damask-covered sofas and chairs, and to the utter ruin of many of the fine dresses worn by her ‘dear five hundred fashionable friends.’

The party was the result of long-matured plans, and was the first she had given since Mr. Smith had, at her entreaty, purchased their splendid house situated on Grosvenor Square, of all the neighborhoods of Babylon the Less, deemed the most select; and which had been fitted up with every luxury, which taste had suggested and which money could procure. Her husband was at the moment bowing out the last of their guests, and she dreaded the moment of their meeting. It had been *her* desire to rank with the ‘upper ten thousand’ which had led him into all the expenditures and sacrifices of his own tastes and simple habits, all of which had the point of culmination in this her first party, and which she had hoped would have been the bright apex of her ambition.

Mr. Smith entered with a look of utter disgust and weariness of the position he had been compelled to sustain. ‘Well, my dear, this is the brilliant party, that was to have been! I should say it has been a *splendid* failure, but for the strange eclipse, which shed its disastrous twilight upon us all, before your party had but commenced their supper.’

‘My dear,’ replied the lady, in tones which deprecated his anger, ‘who would have believed so many lamps could have diminished in light so rapidly? They were lighted entirely too soon.’

‘But,’ said Mr. Smith angrily, ‘there were your candles pouring down streams of lava in all directions; surely they must have been made of lard instead of wax.’

‘No, dearest, the candles were of the best of spermaceti, and such as is every where used,’ replied Mrs. Smith.

‘And too,’ exclaimed the irritated gentleman, ‘how infernally hot your house has been! I believe the devil himself has been heating the furnaces.’

'My dearest husband,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I am distressed to see you so unhappy. The rooms have been overheated. Patrick, with his usual stupidity, thought he must give our guests a warm reception, and this is the cause of all our mishaps.'

'To have *wasted* your friends was to be sure bad enough,' said Mr. Smith, with a most cruel sneer, 'but to have *basted* them with spermaceti was indeed to 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'

'Alas! my love, have mercy upon me!' cried out Mrs. Smith. 'I am not to blame: why make me to feel myself in fault? It was all in consequence of the mischief of those Misses Van Tromp, who went about fanning themselves, as if they were dying for fresh air, and begging those young fops of theirs to draw down the upper sashes, which of course occasioned a draught of air, and set the candles a-running. Surely 't was no fault of mine; and though I regret the injury done my guests, yet they must have seen who was to blame, and that I was the greatest sufferer.'

'Excepting myself, if you please,' said Mr. Smith. 'It was, to be sure, quite a scene, and was not without its good hits; and I would not have objected to have been one of the sufferers any where else but here.'

'My dear, what could have set them all a-dripping so near the same moment?' inquired the wife.

'Why,' said Mr. Smith, 'the same cause usually produces the same effects. There was no miracle wrought to save us this evening, and so the same current of air which filled one cup of your candelabras full, filled all; and it would have been as impossible to have escaped a hail-storm as this shower of grease. Mont Morris came up to me soon after the flood had subsided, and the sperm had cooled, and while I was expressing my regret at his misfortunes, seeing his shoulders all white with sperm, and which he bore with his usual kindness and good humor, Mrs. Vandam tapped him on the elbow as she was passing, and said with a sneering laugh, 'My dear General, you wear your epaulets this evening.'

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Smith, 'she was well repaid for her ill nature; for when all seemed safe, and the servants had repaired the mischief by new candles, one had been overlooked, and she was standing under it, when down came a stream of sperm, spangling her beautiful dress with spots.'

'Yes!' said Mr. Smith; 'and do you know how she repaid me for the glance of satisfaction she doubtless saw my face must have expressed? She whispered to a lady near me, and quite a *stage aside*, it was too, 'I verily believe this is a contrived affair to compel us to renew our dresses at his fine store. It has the merit of novelty, and I shall certainly patronize him.'

'Alas! my dear, she is so cynical, do n't mind her. She is but one of the many.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Smith, 'but when the many are in a like condition, they feel alike. And at your supper too, I was compelled to hear the gibes and jests on all sides; and among them was that Corypheus of fashion, as he deems himself no doubt, gazing down the

tables as if he were looking through a tunnel, and turning to Mont Morris, exclaimed in a voice quite too loud for the sensitiveness of my ears this evening, 'This is truly a most remarkable specimen of the *chairo oscuro* — quite in the style of Rembrandt!'

'Oh! Heavens!' exclaimed the wife, in an agony of feeling, 'what would I give for lamps which never burn dim!'

'Let me tell you,' said Mr. Smith, in tones harsh, cold, and so *very* slow; 'till you shall find them, I swear to you, that this is the last party you shall ever give in any house of mine.' And so saying, he bade her good night, leaving poor Mrs. Smith seated on a sofa in the utmost wretchedness. She sighed deeply, as she recalled the scenes of the evening. All the disagreeables which had met her husband's eye and ear had been observed and heard by her, and she too had been compelled to suffer many things of the sort; and there was not wanting a sprinkling of those 'd — d good-natured friends,' as Byron calls them, who never leave you in ignorance of your misfortunes, and whose bland tones of sympathy convey the most stinging satire, and are the severest of trials to a lady's self-possession, when passing through the fiery ordeal which had overwhelmed Mrs. Smith. After a short time, she rose and stood before one of her splendid mirrors, and there contemplated her entire person, as faultless in shape as in costume. And she felt all was not lost. If she had failed of the success she had hoped for, yet it was not an *entire* failure. There were some incidents which she could recall with satisfaction. She again scanned her figure, and felt that if it was not faultless, yet it was attractive, and that its attractions had been acknowledged by some whose approval was worth possessing.

Her figure was indeed eminently graceful; her hair dark and luxuriant; and her clustering curls beautifully relieved the fairness of her skin; and though her nose was somewhat too aquiline, her mouth and teeth were perfect, her tones musical and clear, and her eyes were liquid and bright; and least of all, she knew their power, and how and when to use them. Her step and movements had been often remarked upon by foreigners and those capable of judging, to be eminently Castilian; and that which she appreciated most of all, was the air of repose, which was never for a moment disturbed, though it had been so severely tried this evening. She had seen the impressions made by her address on her visitors, and had been encouraged and sustained. Though she had seen but little of the society of the circles she had now gathered around her, yet there was nothing which would indicate any thing of newness in her present position. She received her visitors with ease and quietness; there was no attempt to play the hostess; indeed she addressed herself to the self-love of such as she sought to win, by rather seeming to seek their support than to afford it. And especially was this manifested toward those whom she regarded as the true aristocracy of the city. For though she had heretofore been but a 'looker-on in Vienna,' yet she had come to the conclusion that the true arbiters of fashion were not those who deemed themselves such, but they were of those old and well-established families who combined the

possession of wealth with high moral and intellectual qualities, and whose sons and daughters were inspired with sentiments of respect for the good and the true, in whom the real power of society rested.

Such were Colonel WORTH and his lady, and their lovely daughter GRACE. In receiving this family Mrs. Smith evinced that degree of pleasure and her sense of the honor thus conferred, which was marked and effective, and of which they felt the value in contrast with the Van Tromps and other vulgar rich folks, who were, as matters of course, present at her party. And when during the evening the satirical sayings of these groups of ill-bred and over-dressed belles and their beaux reached the ears of the WORTHS, and they were impelled by their true politeness and truthful feelings to sustain her by their attentions, the look and manner of Mrs. Smith told them of her gratitude, and of her high appreciation of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted them to pay her these attentions. But especially was Mrs. Smith flattered by the marked manners of Mr. DE LISLE, a gentleman eminent for his family, wealth and attainments; a man rarely in society, which had but few attractions for him, and whose tastes led him to the retirement of his library and the pursuit of his profession. Indeed she had not expected him, and he had been induced to come, from his high regard for the talents, industry and integrity which had always distinguished Mr. Smith; and it was to manifest these sentiments that he had, contrary to his custom, accepted Mrs. Smith's invitation. Though nearly forty years of age he was still unmarried, and an object of special interest to ladies of a particular age; in fact ladies of all ages felt themselves flattered by his attentions. The Van Tromps, to make themselves agreeable to him, had attempted to be witty by calling his attention to the mishaps their thoughtlessness, if not their malice, had been the chief cause of inflicting on the party.

Mr. De Lisle listened very coolly, and showed his disapprobation by leaving them and addressing himself to Mrs. Smith, who saw this movement with the sincerest satisfaction. She received Mr. De Lisle with quiet courtesy; and when he attempted, as he did rather awkwardly, some commonplace compliment on the splendor of her salons and of her party, she looked her thanks, and at once avowed her deep consciousness of the cause of the merriment evinced by the Van Tromps, and expressed her gratitude for the kindness and forbearance of her guests generally. Her looks were eloquent; and the grace and melody of the voice were not unfelt; and he was flattered by the frankness and confidence with which she treated him. He found he was addressing a sensible woman, whose fine sense and admirable self-possession, (and let it be whispered, whose apparent trustfulness had flattered his self-love,) so charmed him, that he retained his place near her till supper was announced. He retired immediately after supper; but in doing so, said in a low tone of voice, that he should soon do himself the pleasure of calling on her, when he could gratify his own wishes without infringing on the rights of others, as he feared he had done on this evening.

Many of the guests had expressed to each other their admiration of their charming hostess, and asked where did she get manners so rarely attained in their perfection, even in the circles in which they are best appreciated.

Now Mrs. Smith was born in a country village, and was an only child of honest and industrious parents, who were possessed of a fine farm in——. She was ever indulged, and had been educated to dance and to sing by those strolling amateurs of these city accomplishments, who come like comets into the spheres of our country villages, and having *starred* it for awhile, depart never to reappear. At the age of eighteen she had married Mr. Smith, then a young man, who had been teaching the village school for six months, to aid him in completing his professional studies. The grace and loveliness of this village Dryad proved irresistible; and yet he was a man of the most inflexible firmness of purpose and resolution of soul, which had already surmounted great difficulties in the attainment of the objects of his highest hopes. Though so young and so artless, Julia was not without an instinctive perception of the power of grace, as well as of the

——'infectious sigh, the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile';

if that be guile which incites a young girl to provoke the love she feels in the swellings of her own bosom.

The master and the pupil soon became unconsciously engaged in a struggle of no ordinary strength; he to overcome his desires by his ambition, and she to win him whom all the girls of the village acknowledged as the handsomest teacher they had ever had, though he was so silent and so cold. He became conscious of her fascination, but what could he do? There was no safety but in flight, yet his poverty compelled him to remain. Twice a-day did this syren present herself before him as a scholar, so quiet and so gentle, and all unconscious of her power over him—so thought the master. Julia on her part became conscious of her wish to please him, by the greater care she took in her 'dress, and in the wearing of her hair in rich tresses, which were beautiful in contrast with her white neck and shoulders, which now naturally became visible as the costume of winter was exchanged for that of spring and summer. She found too that her pens required mending more frequently than ever before, and that her sums would not so readily prove as they had once done; indeed her difficulties in her studies seemed to increase, and she became more dependent than ever on the aid of the teacher.

There were but a few girls older than herself, and the feelings which distracted the master in his studies did in reality stimulate Julia in hers, so that she was ahead of all others, and it became necessary to hear her recitations by herself. And how unequal was the contest! The master, all unconscious of her wiles, and believing that every feeling in his heart was the sole promptings of his wishes,

and that all he saw so attractive was the loveliness of girlhood ; but so it was, that at last he thought the pinnacle of the temple was not to be compared with the temptations to which he was subjected. There sat this sweet girl, just ten feet from him, on a little bench, and at a table apart by herself ; she has twice rubbed out a slate full of figures, and now a third time she has tried to do the sum, and it will not prove ; she lays down her pencil—she looks perplexed ; her white finger is running over the lines on the slate ; 't is all in vain ; and now at last she looks up to the master with a look full of timidity, helplessness and entreaty. What can he do but go at once to her aid ? The blush is on her cheek : she almost whispers, so low are the tones of her voice : ' It won't prove ! ' The sum was in the rule of *Double Position*. The master on looking over it at once discovered the error. Now when speaking to Julia, the thunders of the pedagogue were hushed into the softest tones of his voice : it was not ' You must do this and that,' but it was ' Are we not wrong here ? ' ' Suppose we try it so and so ? ' On this occasion he said, ' My dear Julia, we must first add and then multiply ; you see you have reversed the rule.' The neck of Julia even was suffused with the warmth of her blushes, for it was the first time he had ever used an endearing appellation. First it had been ' Miss Jones,' then ' Miss Julia ;' now it was ' my dear Julia.' Nor was the master entirely unconscious of the bewitching inflections of her voice, as she was going through the verbs, though he did not observe that all her errors occurred in those rules which required the repetition of words, which the spirit of mischief must have devised and put there for the very purpose of enticing poor pedagogues ; and there were instants too when her eye would gaze upon him, as if the rules in grammar were hid by thoughts which lay behind them ; and when she recovered herself, her beautiful eyes fell upon a bosom so lovely, as irresistibly to carry the master's heart along with them.

But though these were fearful moments, they were not the only ones. While all the boys and girls were out at play during the hour of recess, there sat his scholar busy with her slate. He would walk up and down, restless, anxious to go and seat himself beside her, and yet determining he would not ; and so he would go to a window to look out on the sports of the children ; but the least rustle of her dress, or the creaking of her shoe, became to him more audible than the uproar of the whole school. In spite of himself he must go and see what she was doing, and whether she needed his aid, as it must be said she often did. It was no task to seat himself beside her ; and there lay her soft white hand so innocently idle, that it seemed impossible not to take it up and to press it. ' Now this is something gained,' thought the young girl, and it was ; for though she knew nothing of the science of Mesmerism, and had never heard of Perkins' Tractors, she felt that there lay some secret power in hands when pressed, and that they had a tendency to become inseparable.

The little bench was very long for one, and rather short for two ;

and it became almost a matter of necessity for the master, when working out her sums, to place his arm round the waist of his pupil, merely to get it out of the way. I have thought it would be a subject worthy of some scholar capable of mastering so occult a subject, to determine whether the *necessity* of the *tournure* has not its final cause in furnishing the support which is so very convenient and indeed indispensable at such times. Coleridge in his *Table Talk* has said that the final cause in furnishing man with a nose was to afford him the pleasure of taking snuff; but I must leave all such questions to those astute philosophers who have in all ages delighted in the creation of the universe out of its 'Vestiges,' and who have written huge tomes on subjects which have less to do with human happiness than either of the subjects referred to. Whatever may be said on the question of the final cause, the *tournure* has certainly a wonderful charm, and its cause and influence lie in the very depths of physiology and psychology. In order to appreciate this assertion in all its verities we should be compelled to go into a very long and difficult disquisition; but we will just hint at one or two things. President Day, in his work on the Will, lays down the plain proposition 'that *every change* implies an adequate cause.' Now though the *modistes* of Paris may not have understood the reach of their inventions, nor the adequate cause which was inducing this wonderful change in the curve lines of a lovely lady, yet they were conscious of an impelling necessity which found its solution in this inimitable invention. We deem this necessity to be the desire to heighten female loveliness. Now Miss CATHARINE BEECHER, in a very able article on Fatalism, (*Bib. Rep.*, Oct. '39,) says: 'The object of desire does force and impel, as a producing cause of desire. Men can no more help desiring objects of good before their minds than a wedge can help being impelled or driven.' So long therefore as its power is felt in inducing 'desire' in the heart of man, the *tournure* will be worn with increasing witchery, until men shall have no more power over their wills than a wedge under the blows of Hercules. Another reason for its perpetuity is found in the extreme difficulty of finding the precise form fitting to accomplish these ends; but now our Julia's was what the late Casimer Perrier so successfully maintained in the policy of France, the *juste milieu*, so rarely reached and as difficult of due adjustment by our fashionables as is a 'judicious tariff' by our politicians. To return to the master and his pupil: their sums were soon solved; but there were looks which remained unexplained by language, very much to the pupil's unhappiness.

We have all read of the stupidity of the ostrich when pursued, but this is nothing in comparison with one in the condition of the master. All the school were lookers-on, and though he thought he had kept the secret of his soul in its deepest recesses, they all knew it, and watched the progress of the courtship, as they called it, with the deepest interest. The trees were climbed which grew near the school-house, by the boys; and the girls with the utmost stealthiness hoisted up the little children to the windows to get a peep, and

so report the progress of events. Indeed the whole village was in a state of intense excitement as to the result.

And now May had come in all its beauty, its softness and its inspirations, and the master missed his scholar from her seat; and though the day was bright and beautiful, he was restless and irritable. Nor did he recover his sobriety of manner while the week was thus passing, and no Julia Jones. He inquired, 'Is Miss Jones ill?' No one had seen her; no one knew any thing about her. He fully believed he should see her at meeting; but her seat was unfilled. Until now he had restrained himself from ever calling at her father's house: this would be changing their relations; and when all other barriers had been prostrated, this stood firm. And Miss Julia well knew it. She knew his term would end in the next month, and something must be done to make him change his position. The master said, 'She must be ill!' and it was his duty to go and inquire. Prudence said 'No!' but his heart was lightened as he conceded so much to his wishes as to say he would go after school. He set out so soon as the school was dismissed; and yet he was strangely moved on his way out of the village to the farm, about a mile's distance, and sometimes paused as if to return. But he went on; and reaching the homestead, he knocked at the door, while his heart was knocking at his breast-bone; and when the door opened, there stood Julia, dressed in all the attractiveness which book-muslin can be made to wear—and who has not owned its power? His look spoke his joy and admiration, and her smiles and welcome were full of sweetness. The parents received him quietly and kindly; and he talked with the father while he looked at the daughter, as she sat attentively engaged in sewing near the window. She looked as if interested in all they spoke of, but spoke not; her time was not yet. The father was a sensible man, and glad to find one with whom he could converse on topics ranging beyond his farm; the mother was occupied with the supper, which was excellent, and so admirably conducted that he felt quite at home among them.

It was near seven when they rose from the supper-table. The air was soft and warm; the moon, near the full, was seen ascending through the trees, and in the west lay heaps of crimson clouds. Julia, stepping out on the green, pointed to a hill near the house, from which she said she loved to look at these beautiful sunsets. It was as natural as it was necessary for the master to invite his pupil to show him the spot. She threw a slight shawl over her arm, and with her pretty white bonnet held by the strings, was ready in a moment to go. They reached the hill; the scenery was beautiful; but beyond was a bolder hill, and before this was ascended the twilight had faded away, and the moon and stars were shining. It was certainly a very dangerous position to be placed in, and the master should have thought of it at the time; but he did not, for he was talking of the stars; the discoveries of Herschel; the nebular theory of La Place; of the binary stars, and stars with complementary light, and of the glorious Universe, which

though so vast and magnificent, was yet all unconscious of its grandeur; 'this,' said he, 'is the prerogative of the Soul; and though they (he and JULIA!) were but as atoms in its infinity, yet they could comprehend the CREATOR.' It is certain he felt very eloquently, and JULIA seemed as if she had been following his flight with untiring attention; and looking up to the moon, which took the usual liberty of casting her brightest beams into the sweet face so fondly gazing upon her, and shedding a flood of light upon the white dress, which looked as if made of threads of silver, in tones soft and sweet, she said: 'I wonder if the beings who inhabit these worlds above us are as bright and beautiful as we picture them?'

She paused; and I will venture to say that the Earl of Rosse, with his famous telescope, if he had at that instant taken in the range of the nebulae in the Sword of Perseus, would not have seen any thing half so bright as the face of this lovely girl. The master, quite beside himself, exclaimed, 'Nothing in heaven can be more beautiful than the angel I hold in my arms!' And following the admirable rules given by Hamlet to the players, 'he suited the action to the word and the word to the action, and so o'er-stepped not the modesty of nature.'

Now if any of my fair readers should think the modesty of Julia was impinged upon, and that being alone on that heaven-kissing hill she cried out to the stars for help, I can assure them, that though the stars once fought in their courses against Sisera, and if there be any truth in the theory of Pythagoras, caused sad discord in the harmonies of heaven, they went on singing and shining, undisturbed by any outcry, which was the last thing Julia thought of making. Indeed I have been assured by some young friends of mine, who were assisting Professor Olmstead in some observations at the Observatory of Yale, that they all remarked at the time, that the stars were winking at each other very knowingly; and moreover, that that good-natured gentleman, the man in the moon, wore even a more smiling aspect than usual. We shall not go on with the scene. It opened with the master's accustomed energy and earnestness. This much is certain, they did not return till near nine o'clock; a very late hour, thought the parents, for their only child to be out in the night air; and when their steps were heard, they were very slow. At the gate the master took his leave of Julia, who entered the house with a buoyant step and beaming countenance, though she said she was weary and would immediately retire — and did so.

The next afternoon the master came, avowed his love for Julia, and asked their consent to an immediate union. Her parents, taken by surprise, asked for some months' delay, but the master could brook no such delay. They then appealed to Julia, to whom so great a step must, they were sure, require time for thought; but like most young ladies similarly situated, she had been thinking a great while; and though she did not share in the eagerness of the master, and felt a real shrinking from the consummation of her own wishes, yet as most young ladies do, took a very common-sense view of the subject. 'It must come sooner or later; it would be wisest and

safest and best ; there would be no slips between the cup and the lip ; she should be settled for life,' and so she reconciled herself and her loving parents to the compliance of the wishes of the master ; and so soon as the preparations could be made, they were married ; and Mr. Smith felt, perhaps, more truly than ever did Mark Anthony in the arms of the fatal Cleopatra, that if he had lost the world he was content to lose it.

But soon the necessity of effort led Mr. Smith to the city of Babylon the Less, leaving his beautiful wife with her parents until he could in some way provide for her. He was eminently successful in obtaining business in the Broadway of that great city. Here his tact and energy soon wrought wonders, and the store became the favored resort of the fashionables of that city. Fortune seemed ready to repay him for the sacrifices Ambition had made to Love. His young wife soon rejoined him, and they became at first the happy tenants of a small house in L'Esperance-Place.

The only gift received from her parents was a large and beautifully-bound family Bible, in which, on those most interesting of all leaves to a young married couple in that best of Books, and which usually separate the old and new Testaments, under its proper head, was inscribed in the fair and flowing hand of her husband, the marriage of John Smith to Julia Jones, June 20, 18 —. This then was the sole library with which Mrs. Smith commenced her married life ; and shall I tell the whole truth ? — it was a Book she never opened, except to read the entry already quoted ; she would then musingly turn over to the next page, and think of the names and the order of succession it would best please her to see filling up its two blank columns — blanks, alas ! never to be filled.

At that time it did not suit Mr. Smith to form any family acquaintances, being wholly absorbed in business ; and Mrs. Smith did not desire the society of such as would have been her friends. She felt her husband would rise to affluence, and she was willing to bide her time. As she had little or no society, she sought from such books as she could obtain, to acquaint herself with the character and conduct of the circles into which she hoped one day to be admitted. But this she found a difficult task : such conflicting presentations of society led her into mazes of difficulty ; and she was left to herself to find out the true from the false. Some authors she found had written *à la stairs*, whose scenes were of necessity the mere creations of fancy ; and those writers who were members of the circles they pictured, seem to delineate society as it *should be*, rather than as she felt it *was*. Still however she gleaned some hints, and these she treasured up ; and of all things, sought to acquire that serenity of features, so eminently possessed by Talleyrand, and could almost have been willing to have had the Dutchess de Broglie's test applied to herself, could she but have had his powers of endurance.

Thus while Mr. Smith was absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, his wife was fully occupied in her studies of society. While thus intently occupied, all unconsciously to themselves, they lost their young love. Not that they did not love each other as well as most

married folks do, but they knew not, (and how common is the mistake!) that love cannot live on the common courtesies of life and the discharge of every-day duties. No child comes into the world with a constitution so susceptible to change as Young Love; so liable to chills and fevers, which finally induce a fatal decline. Their Young Love did linger on, 't is true, and for awhile wore his pretty looks, and his sweet smiles were renewed from time to time for a day or two together; but then he was sadly neglected, and from want of proper care and nutriment, was stone-dead a long time before they, either of them, found it out. Alas! 'T is true, 't is pity, and pity 't is, 't is true,' that

'Love breathes in the first sigh, and expires with the first kiss.'

THE compiler of the 'Wise Sayings of the Son of Syriac' has told us (see Apocrypha,) that 'it is foolish to be long in the prologue and short in the story.' Now I beg leave to assure my readers that though my prologue has been so long; my story shall not be either as long as 'Ten thousand a Year' or the 'Wandering Jew,' though its length may to some extent be determined by the favor with which it shall be received.

EXCELSIOR.

THE lark that from his green nest springs,
In morn's first blush to bathe his wings,
Poised in mid air exulting sings,
Excelsior!

Above the earth, like spirit-eyes,
The stars smile on us from the skies,
And seem to bid our thoughts arise,
Excelsior!

The eagle pauses in his flight
An instant on the dizzy height,
Then upward soars, away from sight,
Excelsior!

Thus we, through clouds of storm and strife,
O'er passion's sea with danger rife,
Press onward to the gate of life,
Excelsior!

When crushed beneath the weight of care,
Our spirits struggle with despair,
A heavenly voice breathes on the air,
Excelsior!

And when at last the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Yet may we mount above the sun,
Excelsior!

E L E G I A C S T A N Z A S .

PAUSE by this grave! — a gentle girl sleeps here —
And let us muse upon the buried hopes
Whose thronging memories haunt a place like this.

It was an April morning when she sank,
And as a taper, that with softened ray
Has kept the weary vigil of the night,
Grows dim at morning and goes out, so she,
Whose life had been as gentle as the dew
That August midnight sheds upon her grave,
Breathed her last prayer, and died!

Here rests she now;
Upon this spot a father's bleeding heart,
Strong in its grief, has struggled with itself,
To see the cherish'd idol of his hearth
Wrapt in the dreamless slumber of the grave.

A mother's trembling tears have wet this sod:
Oh, check them not! They are the precious pearls
Affection scatters on the hallowed mould
That clasps a daughter in its cold embrace;
And they are sacred. Would that when I die
Offerings like these may fall upon my grave,
And bless me with their voiceless eloquence!

Here too the love that springs in kindred hearts,
Whose early prayers around one mother's knee,
Are lisped to Heaven, saw the narrow grave
Throw its cold shadow o'er their wedded hopes.

A sister's trusting love lies buried here;
And when this mound was made, the doating eye
That's lighted with a brother's love, looked on;
But her sealed eyes saw not the tears they shed!

'Tis a cold resting place for one so young;
Yet from the shadowed gloom of this lone couch
She woke in sunshine, where the souls of those
'The just,' who sleep, 'made perfect in the Lord,'
Live in the glowing pleasures that 'make glad
The city of our God.'

Weep not for her,
For she has trod the path whose solemn way
Lies through the narrow valley of the tomb;
And she is blest.

But turn we from her grave
To the lone hearth where eyes were wet for her.
Weep for the mother on whose throbbing breast
A dying daughter drew her heavy breath;
For her who, from the bitter cares of life
Turning with deeper sorrow to the Past,
Weeps, that so rude a casket as the grave
Should hold the treasured dust of such a gem:
Weep with the stricken parent, in her grief,
For 't is an offering that angels love,

To give our sympathies to those who grieve ;
 And it is better that our feet should turn
 Into the halls of mourning, than to sit
 Where wine-fed Mirth robs midnight of its sleep.

The whisper'd word, the softly-falling foot,
 Each leave their gentle impress on the heart ;
 And when we weep for woes that others feel,
 We scatter flowers along Life's fitful path,
 Whose fragrant breath shall come, when we are sad,
 And give its sweetness to our hours of care.

Lansingburgh, December, 1845.

A. P. V. S.

THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.

NUMBER TWO.

I DID not expect, when I published my preface to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, so long a time since that perhaps their memory runs not back to it, that so huge a gap would intervene between the promise and the performance. Perhaps I had better not enter upon an apology, lest, before the reader conclude this number, he determine that I ought rather to have excused myself for returning at all, than for not returning more speedily. He may think, perhaps, that the greatest favor a dull visiter can do his host is, to inflict his presence upon him as seldom as possible.

In this country and in these times, we ought rather to think than to write or read ; or, if we will read, we should choose, if possible, that mental aliment which will serve to set us thinking. The tumultuous weltering of all the elements through which we are advancing toward the unknown future ; the chaos of new creeds, new faiths and new philosophies, out of which is to arise, if our government has vitality enough long to subsist, a fixed and permanent general political faith, impose upon every earnest and sincere man the necessity of thinking, and of pondering long and anxiously as to the manner in which he shall do such work, as it is proper and right for him to do, in order to assist and benefit his country. The general belief now is, that no man is working for the country, or striving to do something toward her prosperity, except those who, in all their variety of orators, statesmen, lawmakers and demagogues, are either governing or striving to govern her. Whether those who make laws for us in the great council house at Washington, or in the smaller ones in each state — those who enlighten the people by traversing the country and haranguing the multitudes, and those who preach to them daily from the editorial tripods, upon the subject of politics — are really doing any good to the country, may very well be doubted. Indeed, I have settled in my own mind that no man who really desires to serve his country, and to keep himself from degradation,

ought to embark upon the sea of politics in any craft or capacity whatever. To expect any thing for himself, his party or his country, he must first obtain influence and popularity. As all medicine is unpalatable, and the most approved drug bitter to the taste, so to the masses in all ages of the world and in all countries sound theories of government and political morality are unpopular : and therefore, except in one case out of a thousand, the aspirant for power for the purpose of doing good finds after obtaining power that the means which he was compelled to use, have rendered it impossible for him to effect the good which was at the beginning his only object. The means and the end are bitterly hostile one to the other.

Has it not already become the case, that the political orator or writer produces no effect except upon that portion of the public mind which follows his party standard ? I think so, surely. He is looked upon as the hired advocate of a criminal court, employed and feed to defend his own side of the question and malign his opponents. His very position incapacitates him from producing any impression upon the country at large, or the general public mind. If one would hereafter work any good, he must occupy the position of a disinterested philosopher, discussing without an eye to any ultimate personal or party benefit, those questions which really interest the country, in a tone and spirit becoming a philosopher and not a partisan. Until the intellect of the country engages in this work, withdrawing from the arena in which it now grovels, ignorance and impudence will continue to have more influence over the public mind than learning and genius. Lamentable as it may appear, and great as may be the public outcry at the declaration, there are many states in this Union where the intellect of the community has not the slightest share in the government : where, in serious truth, knowledge and talents are a positive disadvantage to one who desires to fling himself into the constant strife for office and what is called honor.

But in this country, as it has been and will be in every other, its intellect must govern at last. All great changes in the affairs and conditions of nations have been produced, not by that scum of charlatans and demagogues which, in quiet times rises to and coagulates on the surface of still waters ; not by the harangues and rhetoricians, and the political busy-bodies who apparently govern, but by the intellect of the country, quietly working out great results by operating on the public mind. Unfortunately the mass of intellect in this country is not yet occupied in the proper work. It is too fond of the strife of politics.

As I said at the beginning, we ought to read that which will set us thinking. The great and controlling thought of all of us now ought to be, how we can best serve our country : how, while so many false priests and lying prophets are deceiving and deluding the people, preaching monstrous heresies and strange misshapen creeds, we can best counteract their influence and apply the antidote to the poison they are disseminating. To serve our country well is the highest of all earthly duties, except one, for in doing so

we serve ourselves and our posterity. '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*;' but though not so glorious, it is every whit as honorable by speech and pen to inculcate lessons which tend to perpetuate correct principles and advance the cause of moral and political truth. But this is not to be done by flinging ourselves into the bitter and vindictive warfare of politics. A hostile division upon the battle-field may put to the rout the opposing force, and discomfit their array; but by bayonet and sabre to convince them that their theories and principles are erroneous, is not, I think, quite so easy. The philosopher who can sway a nation from his closet, with sword and pistol could hardly convince, nay, would probably in fair fight be overcome by a solitary bow.

These reflections are due to a page or two of Montaigne, which half an hour since I was feasting on. If the reader has as hearty a love for the garrulous old Frenchman as I, he will thank me for quoting from him. He says, in his chapter 'On Managing One's Will:'

'Men let themselves out to hire; their faculties are not for themselves, but to be employed for those to whom they have enslaved themselves; their hirers are in their houses, not themselves. This common humor pleases not me. We must be thrifty of the liberty of our souls, and never let them out but upon just occasions, which are very few, if we judge aright. . . . No one distributes his money to others, but every one distributes his time and his life. There is nothing of which we are so prodigal as of these two things, of which to be thrifty would be both commendable and useful. . . . I cannot engage myself so deep and so entire; when my will gives me to a party, 'tis not with so violent an obligation that my judgment is infected with it. In the present broils of this kingdom, my interest in the one side has not made me forget either the laudable qualities of some of our adversaries, nor those that are reproachable in my own party. People generally adore all of their own side; for my own part I do not so much as excuse most things in those of mine; a good book has never the worse grace for being written against me. The knot of the controversy excepted, I have always kept myself in equanimity and pure indifference. *Neque extra necessitates belli præcipuum odium gero*: and have no express hatred beyond the necessity of war,' for which I am pleased with myself, and the more because I see others commonly fail in the contrary way. Such as extend their anger and hatred beyond the dispute in question, as most men do, show that they spring from some other occasion and particular cause; like one who, being cured of an ulcer, has yet a fever remaining, by which it appears that the ulcer had another more concealed beginning. It is because they are not concerned in the common cause, because that is wounding to the state and common interest, but are nettled by reason of their private and particular concern: this is why they are so especially animated beyond justice and public reason: *Non tam omnia universi, quam ea quæ ad quemque pertinerent, singuli carpebant*: 'Every one

was not so much angry against things in general as against those that particularly concerned himself.

That the bitterness of our political warfare is an unmitigated evil, few reflecting men will deny. That nine-tenths of the questions involved are hardly worth disputing about, most men will be ready to admit. And that the method in which the war is carried on, the unworthy and degrading means used by most of the combatants on every side to insure success, afflict the country far more in reality than could the establishment of the very worst of all current theories, or the most injurious of all disputed courses of policy, I am equally sure.

It is to be hoped that the time will come, and that right shortly, when the intellect and talent of the country, instead of struggling for popularity and office, will make it their aim to teach and instruct the people; leaving the contemptible and degrading strife of politics to that tribe of demagogues and haranguers to whom it is most suitable, and who in times of general quiet must ever prevail against and overcome knowledge, learning, eloquence and virtue, so long as knowledge, learning, eloquence and virtue have their proper vantage ground, and descend into the arena where ignorance, prejudice and passion are the judges to decide between the combatants; where success is no mark of merit, and where one can hardly keep the wings of his soul from being blackened and stained by the foul and polluted atmosphere. It will be a fortunate day for the republic when men of intellect and lovers of literature assume their proper character as teachers, and no longer 'let themselves out to hire,' as mere fractions of a political brigade, without will or volition of their own.

If one had spent many years among the jungles of Hindostan and the sands of Africa, and become familiar with the habits of those varieties of the cat tribe that hunt there for their prey, he would hardly believe in the sanity of his neighbor, who, entering a vast menagerie of these his old acquaintances, and letting them loose with due deliberation, should coolly proceed by all the means in his power to provoke and exasperate them, perhaps even to the supreme folly of tempting their innate appetite for blood by the exhibition of lumps of raw and quivering flesh. How much less insane is he, who, taught by history how fierce, implacable and relentless are human passions once let loose from all restraint, daily occupies himself with inflaming those passions in a whole community? One would suppose that they thought human nature no longer the same. A hundred thousand demagogues throughout the land, and a thousand presses possessed with an evil spirit, daily occupy themselves, not in soothing the public mind, not in teaching charity, kindness, forbearance and generosity, but in preaching intolerance, suspicion and hatred; in representing every political opponent as dishonest and corrupt, and in preparing their followers for an unconscious appetite and desire for a civil war. How long can this be done with safety? How long can the winds vex the Atlantic before the devouring waves become ungovernable?

These things are at least worthy to be thought of, and so I submit them to the consideration of my readers.

THERE are but two things for which I, who live on the sunset side of the Mississippi, envy you, my beloved KNICKERBOCKER, and those others of taste and leisure who walk Broadway. These two are books and music. In the little out-of-the-way village where I vegetate, the arrival of a rare book is like the coming into port of a rich argosy to its owner. With what delight, when by careful saving I have enabled myself to indulge in the luxury of some rare old author, rich in noble thoughts, and worthily imprinted by Moxon or some equally illustrious typographer, (lineal descendants of Aldus,) do I open the priceless package; and after an hour spent in turning the leaves, feasting the eyes alone, as one feasts them at the eyes of a lovely woman, without caring to read more than here and there a line, at length, the first ecstasy over, gaze into the soul, and enters into intimate conversation with the writer as with an old friend. Truly, as Bacon says, 'Books, like great ships, pass over the seas of time and bring down to us the wealth of past ages. And it irks me, that while they come to me only rarely and at long intervals, to you, 'dwellers in Araby the blest,' they crowd in flocks, generously offering themselves to be read, whether you have or no the means of buying. Unchristian as the feeling is, I cannot help it. I linger long over the bulletins of your booksellers, and almost hate the editors — lucky dogs! — who acknowledge the receipt of new publications. Not that I am entirely poor in the way of books. For them I will freely expend my little means. Bacon, Shakspeare and Ben Johnson, Chaucer and Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Froissart and Monstrelet, Massenger, Ford, Middleton, and others of the glorious old demi-gods, in all the beauty of London type grace my shelves. Montaigne smiles philosophically on Rabelais; and of the moderns a few honor me with their companionship. Some time since I luckily laid hands on a London copy of Leigh Hunt, and one of Croly; but wo is me! the former I loaned to an unlucky friend who lost it on a steam-boat, and has never since forgiven himself. I comfort myself with the belief that the purloiner will, for that iniquity, be driven farther downward when he reaches the gate of purgatory. But on this theme of books and 'book's clothing' more anon.

HEXAMETER AND PENTAMETER.

AN EPIGRAM.

DROWNED in the thundering sounds of the organ's deep diapason,
 We cannot hear the low song, sung by the humble of heart.
 Soon are the loud tones mute, all dying away in the distance,
 While the low song of the heart pierces the portal of heaven.

T H E S H A D E D F L O W E R .

BY SUSAN PINDAR.

From a dark cloud's breast a rain-drop fell,
In a grateful summer shower ;
Through the tangled leaves of a vine-clad dell,
Till it rested at last in the opening bell
Of a little shaded flower.

Then the sun looked forth, and his glad'ning beam
Soon drank the shower-dew up ;
He smiled on the mountain, the valley and stream,
But he did not kiss with his warm, bright gleam
The drop in the blossom's cup.

How sad is my fate !' the floweret sighed,
With the glittering weight oppress'd ;
My sisters smile in their graceful pride,
While I am condemned this load to hide
Within my trembling breast !'

Then she bowed her head on her fragile stem,
And slept through the long still night ;
But when she awoke, the prisoned gem
Shone like a glorious diadem
As it flashed in the morning light !

The scorching sun at the noontide hour
Looked down on the blossoms gay,
They drooped and paled 'neath his withering power,
All save the little shaded flower,
And she quailed not beneath his ray.

Then to glisten afar in the rainbow's dye,
He bade the drop depart ;
But the flower looked up with a trusting eye —
Though the dew no more in her breast might lie,
It had freshened the life at her heart.

And is it not thus in adversity's hour,
When the soul is with grief oppress'd,
Our spirits droop 'neath misfortune's power,
And we nurse like the little shaded flower
A sorrow in the breast ?

And may we not hope, when our grief is fled,
That a stronger faith will be given ?
And the tears which our burdened hearts have shed
Shall form, when the night of gloom is sped,
A rainbow of hope in heaven ?

T Ê T Ê - A - T Ê T Ê A T H E I D E L B E R G .

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

In the summer of 184—, I accompanied a party of friends to Heidelberg Castle. It was one of those bland, genial days that penetrate to the very soul, awakening the love of the beautiful, and arousing all that is noble and generous in the human heart. After a drive through the finest portion of the country, we left our calèche at the inn, and mounting each a donkey that stood by the door, gorgeously caparisoned, were soon winding up the steep acclivity on which the castle stood. We visited every nook of the venerable ruin, and sauntered through the green alleys, until, fatigued in body and mind, my companions rested under the trees in the English Garden.

Leaving them to their meditations, I strolled along amid the ruins, and climbing a lofty hillock formed of flowering soil and rubbish, I found myself in the third story of a dilapidated tower which joined the front wall of the English palace. Roof and floors had fallen : three saplings twisted their trunks in a strong embrace on the summit of the hillock, and flung a banner of green leaves over the cracked and decaying walls. As I leaned through a narrow loop-hole, I had a good view of the palace wall, which, built in the style most admired during the reign of James the First, was redundant with ornaments. The niches between the windows were highly sculptured, but the statues which had filled them were gone. As I looked on this waste of expenditure, and thought of the last hours of her in honor of whom it was raised, a crowd of sad comparisons pressed on my mind. I sighed. Was it the wind moaning amid the tall weeds, or was my sigh echoed by another mournful muser ? I searched the spot, but no human thing was near me. A slight cough, proceeding from the angle formed by the tower and wall, caused me to turn quickly, and after gazing some moments into the deep shadow, I espied a little figure in a niche, partially shaded by ivy. As soon as he perceived that I saw him, he slightly bowed, without attempting to lift his hat from his head. I returned his salute with reverence, although his grotesque appearance tempted me to smile. He was clad in the enormous breeches, full ruff, and high peaked hat in vogue some centuries ago. The French, who had destroyed his mates, were less cruel to him than the elements, which had disfigured his person and battered his features into utter deformity. There was a rueful expression in his countenance which elicited my sympathy ; and perceiving symptoms of sociability about him, I placed myself in a listening attitude.

‘Sad times, young lady !’ exclaimed he, in a wheezing voice, and with an idiom which must be modernized to make it intelligible ; ‘ah !

well-a-day! I often wish myself in England again, lying in my old master's shop, and listening to the gibes and jeers of the gallant gentlemen who used to lounge there. When I heard you talking to yourself just now, my head throbbed, for said I to myself, 'She is from my own country.' How did you leave my country folk?

'I beg pardon,' I replied; 'I am from America.'

'America! from SIR WALTER RALEIGH's colony, I suppose? I shall never forget his half suffocating me with tobacco smoke the day he came to the shop to look at the ornaments His Majesty had ordered for this unfortunate palace, which was grand enough then. How is the gallant gentleman?

'Pretty well, I believe,' quoth I, for I could not pain the little fellow by making him aware of the lapse of time.

'Some people said the king hated him; others, that he was about to send him on an embassy; but then again it was whispered he was jealous because Sir Walter wrote better verses. I was brought to this country about that time, and never heard how it ended. Did His Majesty send him?'

'He despatched him some time ago.'

'Ah, that was just. A better man than Sir Walter never trod in sandals. To what court was it?'

'Eden.'

'Eden! I never heard of it. King Jamie was always finding out strange places. He was bookish, too. 'First of England and first in every thing,' as one of his courtiers told him in my hearing. I well remember the day. He came to my master's shop to see the ornaments he had ordered for his daughter's palace, and a lovelier lady than the Princess ELIZABETH never breathed. When the king came near the spot where I was lying, he read aloud his name on the box in which I was to be packed. Then it was that the courtier slipped in his little bit of flattery. 'Hout mon!' cried the king; 'then I must be the first in wickedness.' A shrewd man was His Majesty. He was very particular too about the sculptures. 'This little fellow,' said he, 'resembles my son the Elector, and will look bravely on his palace wall.' That was a proud day for me. I am sadly altered now. Last week I saw myself in a pool in yon breach, and was fain to hide my head in this ivy. I was glad when the sun dried up the water, for I dared not look that way for some time.'

Here the figure paused, and a rough breeze passing that moment, whisked in behind him, and nearly shook him from his pedestal. He looked appealingly at me: 'If I had not stood my ground pretty well,' said he, 'I should have been down long ago with the rest of them.'

'That was what I was just thinking,' said I: 'you must have had many a skaking.'

'You may well say it! What with sacking and storms, firing and tempests, I have had agitating times enough. Save my pipe, which Sir Walter suggested, and which a swallow had the impudence to build on and break, I am as snug outwardly as ever I was; but inwardly I am quite a wreck, for the frost last autumn

struck through to my heart. You smile, but I *have* one. Ah! that reminds me of the Electress, who stood by while they took me out of the box. She was speaking of Lord BUCKINGHAM: 'He has no more heart than that statue,' said she. There she was mistaken; the statue *had* a heart, and it scorned the comparison. Poor thing! when I look down into her garden, where she loved to linger with her beautiful children around her, and see how the trees want clipping, and the grass-plats trimming, it really seems as if I should fall from my pedestal with grief. I, who was so proud and so happy to keep watch on her palace wall, that made me forget I was in a foreign land, it looked so like the buildings in my own! Even now, stranger, although at times I repine for my own native place, I am still proud to guard these ruins. Do you know what has become of my poor mistress?

'She is dead.'

'I knew it!' he replied. 'A villain once said in my hearing that she was begging her bread in Holland. I knew it was false, for —' (here he lowered his voice) I have seen her wraith! Yes thin as the mist on yonder hill, I saw her standing there, and wringing her transparent hands; on the very spot where you are now, for her tiring-room was there. It was there I saw her, when she proudly urged the Elector to grasp the Bohemian diadem held out to him. In vain he declared it would bring destruction on their devoted heads. Whoever knew a STUART to listen to reason? When next I saw her, she was flying across the park at midnight, clad in her night-robes. She turned and paused a moment to take a last look of her pleasant home. The moon shone full on her face; it was pale and sad, and wet with tears. I never saw her again until her wraith stood by that loop-hole. 'Oh cruel ambition!' she cried. Her voice went through me, and I groaned. She looked at me a moment and vanished, just as the town-clock struck four; but she knew then that the statue had a heart.'

He paused and trembled so violently that I was obliged to hold him on his pedestal. As soon as he recovered a little, I remarked, by way of changing the conversation, that he must have beheld many interesting scenes since he had been lodged there.

'My seeing days are nearly over,' he replied, sorrowfully. 'In by-gone times I have witnessed from this nook more strange scenes than would fill as large a book as King Jamie ever wrote. Since the castle was bombarded by the French I have been almost blind; and no wonder, considering the quantity of smoke the wind blew right into my eyes. Such a dazzling sun too as we have here! Why, I well remember lying six weeks in the stone yard at London without seeing an inch of him. If it was not for this ivy, I should have been totally blind ere now. It must be a pleasant thing to travel about! Here I have been stuck up many a day, and every saucy breeze that passes along gives me a brush. My limbs are so rheumatic I cannot sleep o' nights, and my throat is so sore that my voice can hardly slip through the swelling. Before the roof fell, the eaves kept me quite warm and tight. I loved to see the swal-

lows wheeling around, and building their nests. Their twittering was as pleasant as children's voices. They respected me, and never so much as brushed me with the tips of their wings. They went out with the family, and a race as saucy as the French succeeded, and sometimes lodge in this ivy. They think no more of alighting on my head, or the end of my nose, than as if I was so much rubbish.'

'It must be very annoying,' said I, in a consoling voice.

'Annoying!—rather, I should think! I should be very much surprised to hear any one say it was not. Yet I cannot deny that I should feel somewhat lonely without them. They do not scream like the owls, nor flap against me like the bats.'

'I should think there were very many of the latter in your neighborhood. There are plenty of hiding-places for them.'

'I never knew of a great house without them,' he replied, with dignity. They are always as numerous as hangers-on, and much more peaceable. Although it is not agreeable to have them come blundering against me now and then, yet since I have been half-blind myself, I have been able to forgive them. I found them here when I came, and they still cling to the old place. They were not driven away by the smoke and noise the French made, although they were sorely frightened. My lord, the Elector loved the bats, and would not have them molested. I saw him one day standing below, and pointing out whole coveys of them to his children.

'I have heard he was a fond father.'

'Ay fond enough. He little thought, that day, that I would stand here to speak of the desolation of his house to a stranger from across the sea. Three flags were waving where those green boughs shade the battlements. When their father had done speaking, the Electress explained the emblems on her country's banner to her darling boy, Prince Rupert, and bade him look well to it that he placed no stain upon its ample folds. She was a woman with a lion heart.'

'Very unlike her father,' said I. 'Her third son, Prince Rupert, inherited her spirit, and fought like a tiger under that banner.'

'I doubt it not. I remember the lad well. He had ever a rifle in his hand, and war was his profession. I bear him no ill will, although he once made me the mark of his rifle. The ball came whizzing past, and knocked off some of the plaster above my head. Before he could try his skill again, his tutor checked his hand. He was a sweet, generous boy, but I loved his elder brother. He often sat just under me, on a green bank, reading aloud some of Sir Walter's madrigals. His voice sounded like the sweetest music as the summer breeze wafted it to my ear. Often had I heard the young cavaliers sing them as they passed my master's shop, for Sir Walter's verses were in every man's mouth. The young prince would pore over them until twilight deepened around him, and the letters faded from his sight. Sometimes he would sit on the window-sill by me and chaunt some of those pleasant ditties written by the unfortunate Chastelet for the beautiful Queen of Scots. I miss the fair-haired boy sadly; I fear me he is in trouble, or he would have been here before now, and raised up those old walls until the castle looked

worthy of his family. Yet I hope on, although things grow worse and worse. One glance of his bonnie eye, or a note of his winsome voice, would repay me for long hours of lonely watching.'

'He will never return!' said I, mournfully; 'for I was touched by this reminiscence of the homeless heir of Heidelberg.'

'When the sun rose and set day after day, and I saw the grass growing taller above the ruins, while strangers roamed and frolicked in the home of my mistress, my heart misgave me that my bright-haired boy would never return to carol away the day under the green boughs. It is a sad thing, lady, to wait thus day after day for those we love, without one kind voice to tell us of their fate, or to remove the heavy weight of suspense from an aching heart. Sadder still it is to see the worm crawling where once their cherished forms have moved, and to hear the owllet hooting where their pleasant voices rang. Alas! when I look on yonder saplings growing on the very spot where my mistress used to sit with her maidens at their embroidering frames, the sun looks black to me, and I could bless the hand that would hurl me from my pedestal. Yet when I see careless strangers ranging here, and listen to them as they speak of those who never will return, I glory that I live to feel that one heart beats for them alone.'

'It must be a noble satisfaction to you to mourn the fallen. Few cling to the unfortunate. The prosperous glide down the stream of time with sails filled with the breath of applause, while the children of adversity lie stranded and forgotten.'

'Forgotten!' cried he. 'I cannot forget. When I first came here, and before I learned to love the gentle race, my heart yearned to hear the voice of good Sir Walter, who came so often to my master's shop; the day wore heavily away without him. Even now I long to see him once more. When once I love, I cannot forget. My memory is adamant; let Affection but write the names of those I love there, and Time can never efface them. Ah, me! the noble boy I loved the best, the heir for whom these blinded eyes have watched so long, will he never sit on yonder bank? Shall I hear his silvery voice no more? The thought of him has been healing to these aged limbs. Scattered, lost, why should I survive the noble race? When the wind sighed amid the tall trees springing in the ruined hall, I mourned, but said, '*He* will return.' When the wraith of his mother faded from my sight, 'Farewell, dear shade!' I cried; 'what ambition lost, love will restore.' It may not be: love will never more warm and hallow the home of the Stuart. Alas! the bonnie boy! — my heart will break!'

The figure shook violently. I perceived a tremor in the air, as if it shared his grief; and a moment after, a loud report, followed by a stony avalanche, threw me senseless at the foot of the saplings. When I opened my eyes, Mrs. — was bathing my temples with water, and a group of alarmed faces surrounded me. It was some time before I recollected where I was; but as soon as I did so, I asked for the figure. All stared at me with astonishment.

‘Where were you standing when the wall fell?’ asked Mrs. —; ‘we feared you were crushed.’

I looked around me, and saw that the tower had fallen, carrying part of the palace façade with it. I had had a narrow escape. Nothing but the fall which the shock gave me prevented my being hurled down with the ruins. A moment before it fell, I was leaning on the sill of one of the loop-holes. As soon as I could stand on my feet, for I was extremely dizzy, I sought the figure. It was gone. The wall had fallen on it, and I searched in vain for some relic of the faithful mourner. After the first regret was over, I was glad that the little fellow was doomed to wait no longer for footsteps which had no echo on earth.

My friends heard of the tête-à-tête with incredulity. I expected as much, for the world will never believe any thing but scandal, without ample evidence. Faith is at a low ebb with us. Even children smile at tales once fondly believed by former generations. I doubt not that even my reader will suspect me of dreaming; ‘but little I reck,’ if I can but for one moment arouse a feeling of sympathy for the lone watcher at Heidelberg.

E. A. C.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

WOMEN might say, if they would speak
Their sentiments of male injustice,
The strong should ever spare the weak,
Yet what in men is but a *freak*,
In us, flat wickedness and lust is.

’Tis true enough; we tyrants, men,
(Would I were of the other gender!)
Sin and repent, and sin again;
But if a woman trip, why ten
To one her *sister* won’t defend her.

Oh! that some transcendental, wise,
Profound, unspeakable old German
Would from his dusty sleep arise,
Or quit disputing in the skies,
To preach us on this theme a sermon!

Solve us, you KANT! if now you can,
The question that my brain perplexes:
Is wrong in woman right in man?
And is it our’s or Nature’s plan
To give morality two sexes?

If, to so harsh a law submit,
Mild, merciful, benignant woman,
When a wild husband walks amiss,
Reclaims the wanderer with a kiss,
Ah! why should we be more inhuman?

And, husbands, moderate your blame,
Ye upon female rights who trample,
If, now and then, some bolder dame
Prove that her nature is the same
As yours, by copying your example.

Now, wives, I mean to win your thanks
By a brief tale, ne'er yet related,
How once, to check her mate's mad pranks,
A lady, in the upper ranks,
Not only checked him—but check-mated.

—
A STORY OF THE CARNIVAL.

A NOBLE Austrian of Trieste
Was wedded to as fair a creature
As e'er a bridal pillow blest ;
Of all Vienna's court confess'd
The paragon, in form and feature.

Her husband in his dog-star days,
I mean his youth's more sultry season,
At galas, revels, routs and plays
Had set full many a heart a-blaze,
And blazed himself beyond all reason.

But, like a fire of pitchy wood
That rages for awhile and flashes,
And suddenly becomes subdued,
Unless the resin is renewed,
To a dull heap of lukewarm ashes:

Thus BARON STEINER's fever-heat
Seemed cooling to a quiet glimmer
Of bliss domestic and discreet:
More calmly now his pulses beat,
Though age hath made his eye no dimmer.

No more ecstatic glimpses now
Of paradise, beneath a bonnet,
Warmed his imaginative brow ;
No rosy lip inspired a vow,
Nor angel's voice awoke a sonnet.

Surely the Lady BERTHA lacked
Nothing that man of maid requireth ;
But wedlock, after the first act,
No more of 'Fancy all compact,'
Like a dull play of TALFOURD, tireth.

Pardon the Baron then, I pray,
You gentler readers of my story,
That, after long repose, one day
A humor seized him to be gay,
Before his whiskers had grown hoary.

—
CARNIVAL time was come at last:
All Italy was filled with mummers ;
Till Lent 't was held a sin to fast,
And winter days as fleetly passed
As ever did a Tuscan summer's.

But, from Palermo to the Po,
Such mirth, such masques, such feats of tennis,
Such revelry of high and low,
What bright metropolis could show
As the proud spouse of Ocean — Venice ?

The gondolas that all night long
Like fire-flies in July were glancing ;
The games, the gladness, and the throng
That rent the air with shout and song ;
The feasts, the drinking and the dancing :

The puppets and the strolling sights
With Punch, his wooden woman mauling ;
The bridges hung with colored lights,
Like little rainbows, and the flights
Of rockets, rushing, flashing, falling :

The flaming wheels, the whizzing snakes,
Soaring and lost among the Pleiads,
Then raining down in fiery flakes,
The deities of woods and lakes,
Fawns, tritons, oreads, naiads, dryads :

The innumerable fry of fools,
Professional and *dilettanti* ;
Jugglers, defying Nature's rules,
With monkeys too, and dancing mules
That stepped like pupils of PAPANTI.

All sorts of monsters — mermen, sharks —
Cheaply exhibited or freely,
As though some dozen Noah's arks
Had been let loose upon Saint Marks',
Or emptied from the Campanile.

The peasant folk that thronged the Square,
The dominos — a gaudy legion !
The comfit-sellers with their ware —
All these made merry Venice wear
The look of an enchanted region.

Since every thing that's rare or queer,
For which there neither name nor use is,
Was hither brought from far and near ;
Whatever in each hemisphere
Nature or man's quick brain produces.

And multitudes, all Europe through,
From England, Russia, Prussia, Poland,
Hither their eager way pursue,
Merely to mingle in and view
A pageant paralleled by no land.

Hither, with too much ease oppressed,
Happy, almost to melancholy,
The Baron speeds, a greedy guest,
To rest awhile from too much rest,
And dash life with a little folly.

But lest his jealous dame might fret,
He veiled the purpose of his going,
And whispered that he went to get,
In Brescia, payment of a debt
Which some rich tenant there was owing.

'So, love, content thee for awhile
To live without a husband, lonely :
A week,' he added with a smile,
'Shall bring me back ; ay, with a pile
Of ducats, for thy spending only.'

Wise man ! who knows but one sure way
To win a woman to his wishes ;
Girls — very simple damsels — may
Duty sometimes, or love obey,
But wives are won by 'loaves and fishes.'

Cheerfully then they bade farewell ;
The Baron hies aboard his galley ;
She to her chamber's nun-like cell,
In solitary sort to dwell,
With nothing male — nor cat, nor valet.

Hushed is the house ; each vacant room
Seemed sacred to repose or illness ;
So solemnly, as through the gloom
Of some new-opened Roman tomb,
The sunlight fell upon the stillness.

But LEONORE — a neighbor by —
A widow, mischievous and silly,
Whose wanton spirit rose so high,
It overflowed each wicked eye,
A restive, roguish, rampant filly ;

About the gadding hour, came in,
To feed her ear with such rare fuel
Of news as, who had lately been
Detected in some private sin,
And how some whispered of a duel :

And whether 't was a love affair,
And what would be the consequences ;
How Such-a-one had got a pair
Of twins ; another lost her hair,
And one her teeth, and one her senses.

And how that young phenomenon,
Her son, had such a sweet contr'alto,
And how the carnival went on,
And what disguise she meant to don,
To flaunt in on the mad Rialto.

For all the world (at least the best
Half of it) was to Venice flocking,
And she was going with the rest ;
To stay at home, in dull Trieste,
Was most ridiculous — 't was shocking !

'Come, you shall join my party! Nay,
Do n't shake your head — I'll take the scolding;
We'll give to merriment one day,
And see such sights as you shall say
'T were sin to live without beholding.'

The Lady BERTHA frowned at first,
Of course, and flatly said she would n't;
But as her gossip friend rehearsed
What wonders on her sight should burst,
She changed the phrase, and vow'd she could n't.

'You wrong your lord,' the other said,
'Far more than by a trivial error,
Holding him thus in childish dread;
'T is a sure proof you never wed
For love, if you obey from terror.

'T would take ten epics, numbering each
Twelve books, to give a full narration
Of all the forms and modes of speech
She took to counsel, beg, beseech,
And force the dame's determination.

She triumphed too; that afternoon
Saw them in their felucca skimming
The Adriatic's foam, and soon
They hoped amid the blue lagoon
To see the sea-born city swimming.

Meanwhile the Baron gaily flung
Aside all thought of marriage duties;
Revelled the revellers among —
By day, grew youthful with the young,
By night, unmasked Venetian beauties.

So flew a week; how brief are weeks
To lawyers in their June vacation!
How fleet far to him who seeks
From household cares and female freaks,
And mewling babes, a relaxation!

The final night is come, and all
Are flocking to the grand ridotto,
Which means a sort of concert-ball
Given in the gilt and Gothic hall
Of the MARCHESA DI MINOTTO.

'T were mad enough to try to light
La Scala with a single taper;
Far madder were the attempt to write
The glories of that gaudy night
With mere material ink and paper.

The myriad lamps, the brighter eyes,
The music and the sweeter voices;
The ladies decked in gay disguise,
From whose angelic companies
Young princes might have made their choices.

And Austria's baron too was there ;
His galliot in the stream was floating,
That, soon as morning blanch'd the air,
Homeward in haste he might repair,
To duller bliss his heart devoting.

Oft in the frenzy of the dance,
Amid the scene's intoxication,
He seemeth lost as in a trance ;
A pouting lip, a sullen glance
Flit o'er his dark imagination.

He dreams upon a wife in tears,
A month of sulkiness and sorrow ;
A woman's wrath is in his ears,
His ecstasy is mixed with fears
Of his reception on the morrow.

But lo ! what wonder moves this way ?
What meteor hath from heav'n descended ?
How light her limbs ! — their airy play
Seems like the tossing of the spray ;
At once his boding dream is ended.

Through many a minuet, on her,
Through Tyrol waltz and Tarantella,
He gazes, but he cannot stir ;
Still murmuring, as insane he were,
'Gesu ! che brava ! quanto bella !'

Anon, with beating heart and head,
Tow'rd her amid the throng he presses ;
'Fair lady, by your leave,' he said,
'Together we'll a measure tread ;'
Blest man ! her fingers he possesses.

He leads her forth ; he whirls her through
Waltz after waltz till, growing dizzy,
She fain would sit — he seats him too ;
One arm about her waist he drew,
One hand was with her tresses busy.

Oh ! what a righteous wretch is man !
That every civilized community
Should on the weak sex put its ban
For deeds that we male devils can
Do with such impudent impunity !

Yet woman, virtue's frequent foe,
Chide not too harshly man for sinning,
Seeing how seldom ye say 'No ;'
Why blame his folly's upshot so,
If you forbid not the beginning ?

You like — you know you do n't dislike,
The freedom of his first advances ;
What though your fan his forehead strike ?
Such tricks are but a slender dike
Betwixt his wishes and your glances.

What frosty Joseph, beauty-proof,
Might stand the fire of such denial ?
You cry ' Begone ! ' and ' Keep aloof ! '
Yet underneath your bosom's roof
Let in temptation — just on trial.

For, in your lexicons, consent
Is oft expressed by a negation ;
So, when her brows this lady bent,
The Baron knew she only meant
A bashful sort of invitation.

' Lady ! ' he whispered, ' are you wed ? '
' I am. ' ' Lift up that mask, I pray you ? '
' Not for the world ! ' the trembler said :
' Nay, I would sooner lose my head
Than wrong you, dearest ! or betray you.'

' Nay, if you tease me, Sir, good night ! '
She rose in haste — and he rose with her ;
' Farewell, Sir ; how in such a plight
I dread to meet my husband's sight !
He knew not of my coming hither.'

' And here I am, all lace and gold ;
Ah me ! what madness was 't came o'er me !
How the dear soul would rave and scold,
These foolish trappings to behold,
Should he perchance get home before me !'

' How then ? your husband is away ? '
He asked her, toying with her fingers :
' He 's on a journey, Sir ; I pray
You 'll not detain me till it 's day ;
I must go, Sir ! ' — but still she lingers.

She lingers just to say ' Farewell !
Farewell ! sweet Signor, prythee leave me ;
'T is a long way to where I dwell ;
You must not follow — 't is not well —
With this impertinence you grieve me.'

' Nay, but I 'll see you to the shore,'
Quoth he ; ' these link-boys are so stupid.'
To guide their way, a lad who bore
A lighted flambeau ran before,
Fit representative of Cupid.

' 'T is very dark and dangerous too —
Here take my arm, *amico mio* ;'
Thus toward the Grand Canal they drew,
Where swiftly down the steps she flew
' Here is my gondola — Addio !'

With this, aboard she nimbly leaped,
And hid within its curtained cover ;
But underneath, beside her crept,
And ever close beside her kept,
Her indefatigable lover.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LETTERS FROM ITALY. By J. T. HEADLEY. Number Three of the 'Library of American Books.' In one volume. pp. 225. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

'Our purpose,' says the author of this volume, in his preface, 'has been to let others, if possible, look through our eyes; and whether we have succeeded or not, or whether they would have obtained a very interesting view if they did, we leave the reader to judge.' He adds: 'Descriptions of galleries of art, paintings, etc., have been avoided, as possessing interest to those only who have travelled over the same ground, and become familiar with the details to make those descriptions clear.' Now to write and publish a work on Italy in the middle of the nineteenth century is in itself a hazardous experiment, seldom justified by the qualifications of the author; but to write one professing to eschew the arts, will strike the public with as much surprise and novelty as the memorable performance of *HAMLET* with the unavoidable omission of the principal character. Unhappily our author has not kept to the words of his preface. The chef d'œuvres of art in painting and sculpture which have been the admiration of the world for centuries, are criticized and condemned in a tone of presumption well calculated to excite the ire even of those who unfortunately have not 'travelled over the same ground' with the writer, and will dispose his reader to call in question the high warrant for his heterodox opinions of art. We select as an example the thirtieth letter, dated 'Rome, April 28, 1843.' He despatches the capital and the Vatican, inside and out, in about two pages:

'I WILL not attempt to take you through the Vatican. The first time, I roamed through it without guide-book or question. The Apollo Belvidere and Laöcoon I could not mistake; neither did I wish any one to tell me when I came to *The Transfiguration*. (What instinctive sagacity!) 'The glorious figure of CHRIST, in this latter picture, suspended in mid-heaven, and the wonderful face, so unlike all other faces ever painted before, held me spell-bound in its presence. Why could not the artist have left out some dozen or more saints than he has placed below, gaping with astonishment on the wondrous spectacle? The three shining figures beside the still more radiant SAVIOUR are enough to complete the group. The addition of others destroys the simplicity, and hence injures the grandeur of the whole. It was foolish to attempt to improve on the original group. Yet I went away vexed and irritated. My utter inability to see *half* as it ought to be seen, prevented my enjoying any thing. Again and again I strolled through its immense halls, and can only say it is a forest of statuary, and ought to be divided among the world,' etc.

Passing by this novel application of the agrarian principle to this 'forest of statuary,' let us venture for a moment to look at '*The Transfiguration*' through our own eyes instead of our author's. We refer him to the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of St. MATTHEW, where he may find new light thrown upon '*the three shining figures* beside the still more radiant SAVIOUR.' Next, we ask him to read what follows, and he will understand why the artist could not 'have left out some dozen or

more saints that he has placed below, '*gaping with astonishment at the wondrous spectacle.*' It is extracted from Dr. FRANZ KUGLER's '*Hand-Book of the History of Painting*;' etc. After speaking of RAPHAEL's '*Madonna di Foligno*,' he says:

'THE later of these two pictures is the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor, now in the Vatican, formerly in Saint Pietro at Montorio. This was the last work of the master, (not finished till after his death,) the one which was suspended over his corpse as a trophy of his fame, for public homage. If the picture last described is distinguished, like the compositions for the tapestries, by the dramatic development of an historical event, by the important prominence given to the principal incident, and by grandeur of style, the work now under consideration unites with these qualities a profounder symbolical treatment, which, in the representation of a particular event, expresses a general idea. In this instance it is the depth and power of thought which move the spectator, and which address themselves to him at once, so that he needs no key to explain the meaning of the subject. This picture is divided into two parts, the undermost of which, on account of its mass, is the more important and predominant. On one side are nine of the disciples; on the other a crowd of people pressing toward them, bearing along a boy possessed with a devil. His limbs are fearfully convulsed by demoniac power; he is supported by his father, who appears strenuously to implore assistance by words and looks; two women beside him point to the sufferer, the one with earnest entreaties, the other in the front, on her knees, with an expression of passionate energy. All are crying aloud, beseeching and stretching out their arms for aid. Among the disciples, who are disposed in different groups, astonishment, horror and sympathy alternate in various degrees. One, whose youthful countenance expresses the deepest sympathy, turns to the unhappy father, plainly intimating his inability to assist him; another points upward; a third repeats this gesture. The upper part of the picture is formed by an elevation to represent Mount Tabor. There lie prostrate the three disciples who went up with CHRIST, dazzled by the divine light; above them, surrounded by a miraculous glory, the SAVIOUR floats in air in serene beatitude, accompanied by MOSES and ELIAS. The twofold action contained in this picture, to which shallow critics have taken exception, is explained historically and satisfactorily merely by the fact that the incident of the possessed boy occurred in the absence of CHRIST; but it explains itself in a still higher sense, when we consider the deeper, universal meaning of the picture. For this purpose it is not even necessary to consult the books of the New Testament for the explanation of the particular incidents. The lower portion represents the calamities and miseries of human life; the rule of demoniac power, the weakness even of the faithful when unassisted, and points to a POWER above. Above, in the brightness of divine bliss, undisturbed by the suffering of the lower world, we behold the source of consolation and redemption from evil. Even the judicious liberties dictated by the nature of the art, which displease the confined views of many critics, such as the want of elevation in the mountain, the perspective alteration of the horizon, and points of sight for the upper group, (in which the figures do not appear foreshortened as seen from beneath, but perfectly developed as if in a vision,) give occasion for new and peculiar beauties. In one respect, however, the picture appears to fail; it wants the freer, purer beauty, the simplicity and flow of line, in the drapery especially, which address themselves so directly to the feeling of the spectator; the work pleases the eye, the understanding, but does not entirely satisfy the soul: in this respect the picture already marks the transition to the later periods of art. But this passing censure should be considered as only hinted at. Where such grandeur and depth of thought, such unexampled excellence have been accomplished, (and we have given but a very general outline,) it becomes us to offer any approach to criticism with all humility.'

Let us now turn to the opinions of Mr. HEADLEY on sculpture. In the first part of the letter from which we have quoted, he describes '*The Dying Gladiator*':

'THIS is one of the few statues I was not disappointed in.' 'I thought of BYRON, as I stood beside it, and of the intense feeling with which he gazed upon it.' 'With one long stride-step into the Vatican (from the capitol) as the papal palace, museum, etc., that join St. Peter's, are called: here is Laöcoon, that men have poetized, as well as the Dying Gladiator; and yet it pleased me not. I have a feeling of horror, it is true, in looking upon it, and that is all. I have no deep sympathy for Laöcoon himself. Master critics have long ago settled the perfection of the work. There is life and force in it. The little child with one foot raised to press down the folds of the serpent that are tightening around the other leg, is terribly true and life-like. But the whole expression of Laöcoon is that of a *weak* man, utterly overcome with terror; mastered more completely by fear than a strong-minded man ever can be. There seems no resistance left in him; and you feel that such a character *never could die decently*. While I admired the work, I could not love the character. On the Gladiator's face such utter terror never could be written. The sights that could paint such fear on his features do not exist.'

Such are the ideas and reflections of an American critic, conceived in the presence of this miracle of art, which we are called upon to adopt by looking through his eyes. We shall not stop to examine the opinions entertained by PLINY, WINKELMANN, MENGES, LESSING, GOETHE, VISCONTI, PIROLI, etc., whether this is the identical group described by VIRGIL; whether it is a copy of it; or whether, according to PLINY, it is the work of three Rhodian artists, of whom nothing is known except from an inscription upon the plinth of a statue found by WINKELMANN in one of the impe-

rial Roman villas. The opinion of M. EMERIC DAVID, adopted from the description by PLINY, is now regarded by writers on art as the true one :

'L'ADMIRABLE ouvrage d'Agisander de Polydore et d'Athenodore, le Laocoon, existait il déjà dans le temps de VIRGILE, comme l'ont presumé quelques écrivains modernes ? Le silence de tous les auteurs antérieurs à Plinè nous empêche d'adopter cette opinion. Ou pourrait supposer que ce groupe, ouvrage de trois artistes Rhodiens, fut fait à Rhodes, entre le règne d'Auguste, et celui de Vespasien, et que ce dernier empereur le fit transporter à Rome, lorsqu'il réduisit l'isle de Rhodes à l'état de province Romaine. Il est cependant plus vraisemblable qu'il fut exécuté à Rome même et terminé sous le règne heureux de TITUS qui le plaça dans son palais.'

WINKELMANN pronounces it, in common with every author, our's excepted, the most perfect work of art, in design, expression and manipulation, which has come down to us, and that it was so considered by the ancients themselves :

'LAOCOON presents us with the spectacle of human nature exposed to the greatest pain of which it is susceptible, under the image of a man who resists it with the utmost force of mind ; and while his sufferings swell the muscles and strain the nerves, the soul, armed with conscious power, displays itself in his furrowed forehead. The breast heaves over the pent-up breath and stifled feeling, as it struggles to compress the agony within. His sighs, kept down by suppressed respiration, exhaust the abdomen, and hollow his sides so that we are enabled to perceive the movement of the viscera. But his own sufferings seem to afflict him less than those of his children, who turn their eyes upon him, imploring his aid. Paternal tenderness is displayed in his languishing eyes, and sympathy seems to float in them like a dim vapor. His countenance expresses complaint, but none is permitted to escape, and his eyes appeal to heaven for succor. His mouth is full of anxiety, and the under lip sinks with a sense of it ; while the upper lip, which is drawn up with pain to the distended nostril, expresses the calm tranquillity of the soul united with indignation at unmerited suffering. This violent conflict between pain and indomitable resistance displays itself beneath the forehead with the greatest wisdom ; for while anguish elevates the eyebrow, resistance depresses the flesh above the eye, causing it to descend against the upper lid and almost cover it. The artist, unable to embellish nature, has endeavored to give it more development, intensity and vigor. Where he has placed the greatest pain, there he has placed the greatest beauty. The left side, where the venomous bite is nearest the heart, has always been regarded as a prodigy of art. His legs are drawn up to escape from the impending calamity ; no part of the body is in repose ; and even the strokes of the chisel add expression to the shrivelled skin by the universal twitching of all the muscles and nerves.'

We have given enough of this eloquent analysis to show the difference between our confident connoisseur's sensations and those of the learned German's, while standing in presence of this sublime creation of art. The former has the advantage of discovering and applying a new principle in art, akin to the agrarian one already referred to, when he 'roamed through the forest of statuary' in the Vatican : 'While I admired the work, I could not love the character. On the gladiator's face such utter terror never could be written.' He is a great stickler for moral character in sculpture, as well as painting, as we shall by and by see more fully displayed at Florence. He feels that such a character 'never could die decently.' Now to die decently, or its converse indecently, presents a perfectly new idea in sculpture. We know what it means in the sense of the Newgate Calendar ; but we have never before seen it applied as a governing principle in works of art. The novelty of '*the little child* with one foot raised,' etc., and '*the three shining figures beside the still more radiant SAVIOUR*' in '*The Transfiguration*,' are discoveries of our critic which prove his minute accuracy in viewing works of art, and which entitle him to the gratitude of his readers.

We now open upon Letter XL, entitled 'American artists in Florence.' Here our connoisseur breaks forth into an ecstasy of patriotism worthy of all praise. He boldly bids defiance to JOHN BULL's sneers at our pretensions to being poets, musicians or architects ; and to our 'wanting taste and genius, especially in the fine arts.'

'It may be so, (he admits,) but we will cheerfully enter the field with him in that department of the fine arts calling for the loftiest efforts of genius, and the purest incarnation of the sentiment of beauty in man ; I mean painting and sculpture, especially the latter. There are two American artists in Florence, by the name of BROWN ; one a painter, and the other a sculptor. Mr. BROWN the painter is one of the best copyists of the age. Under his hand, the great masters reappear in undiminished beauty. But his merits do not stop here. He is also a fine composer, and when the mood is on him, flings off most spirited designs. In his house we have seen pieces that indicate merit of the highest order.'

Here our compassion began to grow very lively for our crest-fallen progenitor, old JOHN, with his REYNOLD'S, WILSONS, TURNERS, etc.; but upon reading farther, our sympathy subsided into mortification at finding this much-abused personage not only the patron of Mr. BROWN'S 'genius in copying,' etc., but his actual introducer to our author:

'We first saw Mr. BROWN in the Pitti Gallery. Wandering through it one day with a *quondam attached* to one of the continental embassies, my friend paused before a magnificent picture, and introduced me to the artist as Mr. BROWN of America. It was a copy of one of SALVATOR ROSA'S finest pieces, and had already been contracted for by a member of the English Parliament for three hundred dollars. Walking one day through the gallery, the Englishman was struck with the remarkable beauty of the copy, and immediately purchased it, though in an unfinished state. Thus we lose them; and though we possess fine artists, our wealthy men refuse to buy their works, and they go to embellish the drawing-rooms and galleries of England.'

We would fain hope that the sale of a copy of one of SALVATOR ROSA'S finest pieces, *unfinished*, to a member of Parliament, for three hundred dollars, is certainly not an irreparable loss to the United States! Surely, neither Mr. BROWN nor Mr. POWERS will feel themselves flattered by being dragged into the field as the champions of art against Englishmen, more especially when they have found their best patrons among them.

'Mr. POWERS stands undoubtedly at the head of American sculptors. His two great works are 'Eve' and the 'Greek Slave.' Critics are divided on the merits of these two figures. As the mere embodiment of beauty and loveliness, the Slave undoubtedly has the preëminence. The perfect moulding of the limbs; the exquisite proportion and harmony of all the parts; the melancholy yet surpassingly lovely face, combine to render it more like a beautiful vision assuming the aspect of marble (not a petrification, we hope!) than a solid form hewn out of a rock. There she stands, leaning on her arm, and musing on her inevitable destiny. There is no paroxysm of grief, no overwhelming anguish, depicted on the countenance. It is a calm and hopeless sorrow; the quiet submission of a heart too pure and gentle for any stormy passion. The heart has broken, it is true, but broken in silence—without a murmur or complaint. The first feeling her look and attitude inspire, is not so much a wish *yourself* to rescue her, as a prayer that Heaven would do it. It is beautiful—spiritually beautiful; the very incarnation of sentiment and loveliness. In its mechanical execution it reminds one of the Apollino in the Tribune of the Royal Gallery.

'The 'Eve' exhibits less sentiment but more character. She is not only beautiful, but *great*; bearing in her aspect the consciousness that she is the mother of a mighty race. In all the paintings of Eve, she is simply a beautiful woman, and indeed we do not believe that any but an American or an Englishman could conceive a proper idea of Eve. Passion and beauty a Frenchman and an Italian can paint, but moral character, (this new principle of moral character is never lost sight of,) the high purpose of calm thought and conscious greatness, they have not the most dim conception of. There is a noble Lucretia in the gallery of Naples; a fine Portia in Genoa; and Cleopatra by great painters in abundance every where; but not one figure that even dimly shadows forth what the mother of mankind ought to be. Stern purpose and invincible daring are often seen in female heads and figures by the great masters, but the simple greatness of intellect seldom.

'POWERS' 'Eve' is a woman with a soul as well as heart; and as she stands with the apple in her hand, musing on the fate it involves, and striving to look down the dim and silent future it promises to reveal, her countenance indicates the great yet silent struggle within. Wholly absorbed in her own reflections, her countenance unconsciously brings you into the same state of deep and painful thought. She is a noble woman—*too noble to be lost*. We wonder this subject has not been more successfully treated before. There is full scope for the imagination in it; and not a permission, but a demand, for all that is beautiful and noble in a created being. It has the advantage also of fact, instead of fiction, while at the same time the fact is greater than any fiction.

In composing this work, Mr. POWERS evidently threw all the Venuses and goddesses overboard, and fell back on his own creative genius; and the result is a perfect triumph. Some even good critics have gone so far as to give this the preference to the Venus di Médici. The head and face, taken separately, are doubtless superior. The first impression of the Venus is unfavorable. The head and face are too small and inexpressive. But after a few visits, this impression is removed; and that form, wrought with such exquisite grace, and so full of sentiment, grows on one's love, and mingles in his thoughts, and forms forever after the image of beauty in the soul. Our first exclamation on beholding it, was one of disappointment, and we unhesitatingly gave POWERS' 'Eve' the preference. But memory is more faithful to the Venus than the Eve. There is something more than the form of a goddess in that figure; there is an atmosphere of beauty beyond it and around it; a something intangible yet real; making the very marble sacred. One may forget other statues, and the particular impressions they make grow dim with time; but Venus once imaged on the heart, remains there forever, in all its distinctness and beauty.'

Now all this is very fine about 'the statue which enchants the world,' although we miss in it the

'Iſſe Venus pubem quoties velamina ponit,
Probigitar læva semireducta manu.'

But what does he mean about her rival, POWERS' 'Eve,' 'bearing in her aspect

the consciousness that she is the mother of a mighty race?" etc. Standing 'with the apple in her hand' indicates precisely the moment seized upon by the sculptor; but how had she then conceived the ambitious sentiment of 'the mother of a mighty race?' We are all acquainted with Genesis, third chapter and fourth verse: 'And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make *one* wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.' Now in representing this momentous fact

'Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo,'

no such latitude of expression would be tolerated in the work of a great artist; nor do we hold Mr. Powers in the least responsible for so gross and improbable an imputation. The other flourish of imagination, which we have copied to the prejudice of the French and Italians, and their moral incapacity to conceive a proper idea of Eve, etc., belongs to our author's newly-discovered principle in art, already noticed. When he roamed through the halls of the Vatican, he might have seen the 'Eve' of RAPHAEL upon the ceiling of the Loggie. He might have seen the ceiling of the Cappella Sistina, and that its central subject is devoted by MICHAEL ANGELO to illustrate the text just cited from Genesis, as well as the expulsion of our guilty parents from the garden of Eden, covered with the conscious evidence of their shame. He might have discovered that these were the works of Italians, and that the world possesses some farther proofs of their just conceptions and illustrations of the sublime events and personages of the Holy Scriptures. We Americans entertain high hopes of the ripening genius of POWERS, and do not question the honorable distinction he has acquired by his 'Eve' and 'Greek Slave;' but the grandiloquence of our author will not elevate the artistical reputation of our clever sculptor, either in the opinion of his friends or that of the world. Already alas! is his reputation endangered, in the opinion of Mr. HEADLEY. 'There is,' he continues:

'THERE is a new artist just risen in Florence, who threatens to take the crown off from POWERS' head. His name is DUPRE — a Frenchman by extraction, though an Italian by birth. He designed and executed last year, unknown to any body, the model of a Dead Abel. . . . 'I regard this figure equal if not superior, in *its kind*, to any statue ever wrought by any sculptor of any age. The Dead Son of Niobe in the Hall of Niobe in the Royal Gallery, is a stiff wooden figure compared to it. The only criticism I could utter, when I stood over it, was, '*Oh how dead he lies!*' There is no marble there; it is all flesh; flesh flexible as if the tide of life poured through it, yet bereft of its energy.'

And to aggravate matters with poor POWERS, he cruelly adds: 'DUPRE is a handsome man, with large black eyes and melancholy features.' The Dead Son of Niobe a stiff wooden figure compared to the handsome DUPRE's 'Dead Abel?' 'Something too much of this!' the reader may exclaim. We are quite of the same opinion; yet before we conclude, we must say a word in defence of the much-abused TITIAN, whose moral and artistic reputation is sadly damaged (upon principle albeit) by our immaculate critic:

'THE two naked Venusses by TITIAN (in the Tribune) hanging behind the Venus di Médici are admirably painted, but to me disgusting pictures, from their almost beastly sensuality. I should think TITIAN might have conceived the design of them when half drunk, and took his models from a brothel. I have no patience with such prostitution of genius. The marble Venus (di Medici) has something of the goddess about her.'

Here we discover another nice distinction of moral principle in art, peculiar to our author, which he draws between nudity in painting and in sculpture, with the qualification, however, that the naked marble Venus has 'something of the goddess about

her.' This scandal about TITIAN and his unrivalled Venuses sounds odd 'to ears polite.' Undoubtedly our connoisseur is the first man of refined taste who ever imagined himself standing, in their presence, before 'the models of naked prostitutes.' '*Mais chacun*,' etc.; saith the old proverb.

When the First Consul had the honor of becoming a member of the now defunct New-York Academy of the Fine Arts, he presented it with a munificent collection of casts from classical originals, then in the Louvre, which were like the beaux and belles of a tea-party around a sort of tribune in an old circus in Greenwich-street. Such was the peculiar taste which was supposed to prevail among our worthy citizens in those patriarchal days, that 'a committee' humanely ordered the shivering gods and goddesses to be decently clad in breeches and petticoats. The Belvidere Apollo looked like a congress-man in the attitude of delivering a philippic against 'the implacable and never-to-be appeased enemy of our liberties,' and the Medician Venus like a very young lady on her first appearance at the New-York assemblies.

We are sure our author ought to take in good part the few remarks made by us to his honor, on the subject of his new principles in viewing the fine arts in Italy. They might have been extended to his uncommon manner of treating other matters contained in his book, to his advantage; but we were reluctant to increase the weight of his obligations toward us, and forebore. It was moreover our intention to say a word about the state and progress of art in the United States, and of the best means to be adopted to foster it; but we have devoted too much of 'OLD KNICK's space to 'elegant extracts' from the 'Letters' under review, to consider these themes at present. They may afford matériel for a few remarks in a subsequent number.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. By a Layman. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. 1845.

It is among the remarkable features of an age, prolific beyond all others in light literature, that a theological work, evincing like the one before us profound thought, extensive scriptural research and laborious investigation, should have emanated from the pen of a layman. Its originating motive could not have been ambition for popular favor, since it opposes with an almost startling boldness the creed of christendom for nearly twenty centuries; assuming as its sole object, not 'polemic victory, but the development of truth.' It is surely not the custom of the present day, at least in our own country, to condemn any theory either for its boldness or its novelty. Still there must ever be a proportion of minds so wedded to peculiar systems of belief, as, in the words of a German philosopher, to have 'closed their interiors,' or in the still stronger nautical phrase, 'shut down their dead-lights' against all doctrines differing in complexion from their own. But there are also those who can examine with candor, or in the spirit of the book before us, dissent, with courtesy. To such we commend it, and among other passages, bespeak attention to the opening argument of the thirteenth chapter:

'THE dismay with which CHRIST beheld his coming sufferings, and the perturbation which their endurance caused him, can only be explained on the supposition that the sufferings were not confined to his human nature. Had the primitive Christian martyrs exhibited the same dismay and perturbation at the approach of death, one of the chief arguments in favor of the truth of our holy religion would have been lost to the world. The patience, fortitude and triumph with which they met and endured the excruciating agonies of martyrdom ranked high among the miracles by which early Christianity was propagated. 'See how a Christian can die!' is an appeal to infidelity not of modern origin. Its thrilling effect was well known and felt in the early church. The triumphant death of the first martyrs was among the most eloquent of the addresses ever made by Christianity

to the pagan world. It was a miracle, perhaps, more touching to the heart than the healing of the sick or the raising of the dead.

The corporeal sufferings of many of the early martyrs were doubtless greater than the corporeal sufferings of their MASTER. His was the case, so far as the body was concerned, of simple crucifixion. They were stoned to death with stones; they were consumed by slow fires; their flesh was torn off with red-hot pincers; they were sawed asunder with saws; they were drawn to pieces by wild beasts; the cross was, indeed, often the instrument of their death, but to them was not allowed the comparative repose of simple crucifixion. Its abhorrence of the rising and hated sect of the Nazarenes had sharpened the devices of heathen cruelty; new discoveries were made in the art of tormenting; new and more agonizing positions of the suffering body were contrived; the process of torture was rendered more slow, and the welcomed approach of death more lingering. To all this variety of agonies, the timid frailty of woman, as well as the bolder hardihood of man, was almost daily subjected. But nothing could disturb the patience, the fortitude, the serenity of the primitive martyrs. Whether belonging to the more robust or the more tender sex, they yielded not for a moment to the recoillings or misgivings of human frailty; they rejoiced in the midst of their dying spasms, and their last, faltering accents whispered joy.

The difference between these martyrs and their MASTER in meeting and enduring the agonies of a violent death is an historical fact not to be passed over unnoticed. It is not a point of literary curiosity alone; it deeply concerns our faith. It indicates that His suffering must have been different from theirs, not only in its degree, but in its very element. Contrast, for instance, the death of STREPHEN with that of the LORD; look at the face of the former, shining 'as it had been the face of an angel,' and then turn your melting eye to the 'marred visage' of the latter; listen to the joyous exclamation of the finite martyr, when he saw through the opening heavens the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of the HIGHEST; and then lend your sympathizing ear to the wailing of HIM who hung on the cross, and belief will ripen into conviction that, while the sufferer whose clothes were laid down at the feet of SAUL sustained the pains of a man, the sufferer on Calvary endured pangs pertaining only to infinitude.

It is difficult to extract successfully from a work whose component parts are so closely interwoven by the tissue and flow of argument. Yet those who give it a careful and consecutive perusal, whatever may be their decision with respect to its theory, will not fail to discern the acuteness of a mind disciplined by legal science, and enriched by classic lore; or to admire the earnestness of a spirit turning from the excitements and honors of the world, to meditate on 'the sufferings of CHRIST and the glory that shall follow,' and seeking truth from the great fountain of truth, the blessed Volume of Inspiration.

THE ALPS AND THE RHINE. By J. T. HEADLEY. In one volume. pp. 138. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THERE is less effort at *book-making*, (as the art is popularly and very accurately christened,) in this volume, than in almost any other book of travels we have recently seen; and for that very reason it is among the best. It is evidently written not so much from purpose, *aforethought* as from the impulse of the hour. The freshness and vividness of a first impression are upon every page of it. Familiar as the land through which the author travelled has become to the reading world, no one can fail to catch new life, to be moved by new feelings, to see new sights and breathe a new atmosphere in his company. The very first sentence of the book 'gives assurance of a man,' and banishes all fear of encountering a pedant. 'Coming,' says he, 'from the warm air of the South, the first sight of the Alps gave a spring to my blood it had not felt for years.' Thus with a single leap does he take us into the midst of his subject and his book. Unlike many professional travellers, he does not detain us by a long prologue of motives, and purposes, and obstacles, and other preliminary and utterly uninteresting matters; but leads us at once, in the very first page of his book, across the Simplon, through the gallery and over the tremendous gorge of Gondo, into the valley of the Rhone and into the immediate presence of the most glorious scenery of Alpine Switzerland.

Mr. HEADLEY has discarded the usual form of books of travels. Instead of a journal of daily experiences, he gives us a series of sketches, a gallery of paintings, of the most magnificent scenery in the world. And in this particular effort he

shows himself a master. He seizes, with unfailing accuracy, upon prominent distinctive features of a scene or occurrence, and sets them before us, sometimes it is true, with bold, rough strokes, but always with the most vivid and life-like distinctness. Of his pass of the *Tete Noire*, in the midst of a thunder-storm, he gives us this capital sketch:

* 'We spurred on; now crawling over barren and desolate rocks, now shooting out on to some projecting point that balanced over a deep abyss filled with boiling mist, through which the torrent struggled up with a muffled sound; and now sinking into a black defile through which the baffled storm went howling like a madman in his cell. As I stood on a ledge, and listened to the war of the elements around, suddenly through a defile that bent around a distant mountain, came a cloud as black as night. Its forehead was rent and torn by its fierce encounter with the cliffs, and it came sweeping down as if inherent with life and a will. It burst over us drenching us with rain, while the redoubled thunder rolled and cracked among the cliffs like a thousand cannon-shot. Every thing but my mule and the few feet of rock I occupied would be hidden from my sight; and then would come a flash of lightning, rending the robe of mist, as it shot athwart the gloom, revealing a moment some black and heaven-high rock; and then leaving all again as dark and impenetrable as ever. The path often led along the face of the precipice just wide enough for my mule; while the mist that was tossing in the abyss below, by concealing its depth, added inconceivably to its mystery and terror. Thus, hour after hour we toiled on, with every thing but the few feet of rock we occupied shrouded in vapor, except when it now and then rent over some cliff or chasm. I was getting altogether too much of sublimity, and would have gladly exchanged my certainly wild enough path for three or four miles of fair trotting ground. But in spite of my drenched state, I could not but laugh now and then as I saw my three companions and guide struggling along in Indian file, and taking with such a meek, resigned air, the rain on their bowed shoulders.'

This is but one of several passages which would equally well, and many of them much better, illustrate the admirable picturesqueness of Mr. HEADLEY's descriptions of nature. Here is a briefer and equally vivid description of an avalanche:

'MOUNTING our horses we started for the grand Scheideck, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. As we approached that 'peak of tempests' the Wetterhorn, whose bare cliff rose straight up thousands of feet from the path to the regions of eternal snow, one of the guides exclaimed '*Voila! Voila!*' and another in German, '*Sehen sie — Sehen sie!*' while I screamed in English, '*Look! Look!*' And it was time to look; for from the topmost height of the Wetterhorn suddenly arose something like white dust, followed by a movement of a mighty mass, and the next moment an awful white form leaped away, and with almost a single bound of more than two thousand feet, came directly into our path, a short distance before us. As it struck the earth, the crushed snow rose like vapor from the foot of a cataract, and rolled away in a cloud of mist over a hill of fir-trees which it sprinkled white in its passage. The shock was like a falling rock, and the echo sounded along the Alpine heights like the roll of far-off cannon, and died away over their distant tops.'

But these detached passages, we are well aware, can give no accurate and adequate impression of the book; and we might easily exhaust far more space than is allowed us by citing others, without in the end doing any thing like justice to the author. Perhaps the best two chapters, and those setting forth most vividly this descriptive power of which we have spoken, are those describing SUWARROW's passage of the Prægel, and Marshal MACDONALD's pass of the Splügen. They are among the most admirable and graphic specimens of descriptive writing we have recently met, and nothing but lack of space precludes us from transferring at least parts of them to our pages.

We cannot avoid saying, that to this graphic and vivid truthfulness and vigor of description Mr. HEADLEY often sacrifices elegance, and sometimes correctness of style; as citations, did our space allow, would easily show. In spite of this, however, he has written one of the most readable and interesting books of the season, and one of the very best of the excellent series in which it is published. It is a far better book than his '*Letters from Italy*,' elsewhere noticed, and will be read, not only with more interest but with less cause for cavil or denunciation. Being almost entirely descriptive, it has no criticisms to offend, and no peculiar views to provoke hostility. It is a racy, vigorous, living and life-giving book; and as such, we heartily commend it to our readers.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF AN IMPROVED CANNON, and of the Machinery and Processes employed in its Manufacture. By DANIEL TREADWELL. Cambridge, Mass.

THESE few pages contain a very simple and succinct statement by Mr. TREADWELL, late RUMFORD, Professor in Harvard University, of his new method of fabricating cannon of wrought iron and steel; which he has not only reduced to practice, but tested by the most thorough trials. His relation is so concise and clear that it could hardly be abridged by a single paragraph; and without quoting the whole, it would be difficult to make the process intelligible at all to any but readers familiar with ordnance and its technology. Mr. TREADWELL examines in a most philosophical manner the comparative strength of wrought and cast-iron and bronze. Every body knows that in consequence of the superior strength of the former, the manufacture of guns from this material has always been a desideratum, from the time when faggots of iron were first hooped together, down to the fatal casualty aboard the Princeton, some two or three years ago. The first cannon, we believe, were made of wood, wrapped around with linen cloths. The Swedes are said to have used leaden ones, lined with wooden tubes. But still stranger materials have at times been resorted to. What would a 'middy' of our day think of *ice* as a substitute for bronze? Yet we are told that ice-guns have been made, and that balls of a considerable weight were fired from them at Petersburg. Or what would you say, reader, to *papier maché* and hemp? Yet a friend informs us that he saw in the armory of the Knights of St. John at Malta, a nine-pounder, taken from the Turks, which was formed of small ropes, wound tightly around a thin cylinder of sheet-copper, and solidified by pitch and an external coating of some sort of composition like plaster and pasteboard. Such are a few of the poor materials that have been displaced by cast-iron, which is itself destined, almost to a certainty, one of these days, to give way to the immense superiority of forgeable metal. We say '*superiority*' with confidence. It is a fact well known, but is it well understood? In our ignorance of gunnery, as a science, we are unable to say what has been written on this subject, or how close the theories of those who have paid attention to it approach the true solution. We have, however, often conversed with practical men upon this topic, and have never gained very clear ideas about it. Ask any gun-smith why the Birmingham-twist barrels are stronger than all others, and he will tell you that they are made of horse shoe nails, which have been so thoroughly hammered and wrought that every atom of the barrel almost must have received its due quantum of pounding. Some of a more fanciful turn have assured us that the nails had been benefitted by the repeated action of the fire struck from the flinty roads and pavements by the horse's hoof! Persons of more reflection may smile at this, and yet be able to give no clearer answer. On the whole, we doubt if the rationale of the matter has ever been summed up in so explicit and satisfactory a statement as that upon which Mr. TREADWELL has based his very successful and remarkable experiments.

Difficult as it is to curtail the brevity of his reasoning, we will make such short extracts from his pamphlet as we can bring within our cramped limits. With regard then to the fact that wrought-iron is much stronger than cast-iron or bronze, he says:

'This is certainly true if we expose the wrought iron to the testing force in one particular direction only. But all wrought iron is in its structure fibrous, the fibres being more or less distinctly

marked, according to the process followed in the manufacture of the iron. In wire it is most clearly apparent, the fibres in some cases being so easily parted that the wire can be split with a knife. In sheets, formed by the rolling-mill, the fibres are arranged in plates or laminae, and these often so slightly adhere one to another that they may be separated like the layers of a pasteboard. With hammered iron the grain, or fibres, are less apparent, and the bars possess, in their different directions, greater equality of strength. By comparing the various operations of wire-drawing, rolling and hammering, we are led to the conclusion that the fibres are always formed in the direction in which the iron is extended, and the cohesion is least amongst the atoms which are spread over each other. All that is here said of iron is equally true of steel, the cohesive force of which, however, exceeds in an essential degree that of iron. Cast iron and bronze, on the contrary, are of equal strength in all directions; their structure appearing as an aggregation of grains, assuming the form of crystals, often apparent to the naked eye. The strength or direct tenacity of these various metals, the wrought iron and steel being tested in the direction of their fibres, may be taken as follows for each square inch area of the metal:

Steel, (English spring,)	100,000 pounds.
Wrought iron,	65,000 "
Bronze,	30,000 "
Cast iron,	25,000 "

If, however, the steel or wrought iron be exposed to the testing force in such a way that the fibres shall be separated laterally, instead of being broken, the strength will rarely be found to exceed that of bronze or cast iron even. This last fact is of the utmost importance in directing the use of wrought iron, for every purpose, and leads to the direct conclusion, that if a cannon be formed of wrought iron, and the expansion of the gunpowder exert an equal force upon such cannon in every direction, its power of resistance will not exceed that of a cannon of bronze or cast iron, unless the cannon derive, from its peculiar form, an additional strength in some one direction, from presenting a greater section of metal to resist the fracture in that, than in any other direction. Suppose, for example, that we form a hollow globe of fibrous wrought iron, in which the fibres shall pass over the globe in the direction of the parallels of latitude drawn upon an artificial mapped globe. It is evident that an expansive fluid, condensed within the cavity of such globe, will separate these fibres laterally, when its force shall exceed their lateral cohesive power, and if that power do not exceed the tenacity of bronze or cast iron, then its strength will not exceed that of a globe of equal thickness, made of either of those materials.'

Mr. TREADWELL then examines the question, 'Does a cannon of the usual form present, in every direction, an equal area of metal, to be torn asunder before the fluid can escape?' He resorts to numbers, and applies them to a form, as an example:

'LET us suppose that we have a hollow cylinder, say twelve inches long, the calibre being one inch in diameter, and the walls one inch thick, giving an external diameter of three inches. Suppose this cylinder to be perfectly and firmly closed at its ends by screw plugs, or any other sufficient means. Let this be filled with gunpowder and fired. The fluid will exert an equal pressure, in every direction, upon equal surfaces of the sides and ends of the hollow cylinder. Let us next examine the resisting power of a portion of this cylinder, say one inch long, situated in the middle, or equally distant from the ends, so that it shall not be strengthened by the iron which is beyond the action of the powder. The fluid, inclosed by this ring of one inch long, contains an area of one square inch, if a section be made through it in the direction of its axis; and the section of the ring itself, made in the same direction, will measure two square inches. We have then the tenacity or cohesive force of two square inches of iron in opposition to an area of the fluid measuring one square inch, and if we take the tenacity of the iron at 65,000 pounds, the cylinder will not be burst, in the direction of its length, unless the expansive force of the fluid exceed 130,000 pounds to each inch. Next, let us suppose a section made through the cylinder and fluid, transversely. The area of the fluid, equal to the square of the diameter of the hollow cylinder, is one circular inch, and the area of the whole section is, the diameter being three inches, nine inches. Deduct from this the area of the calibre, and we have eight circular inches. That is, the section of the iron is eight times greater than that of the fluid; whereas in the former case, of longitudinal section, the iron gave but twice as much surface as the fluid, and if we take, as before, the iron at 65,000 pounds per inch cohesive force, it will not be broken unless the force of the fluid exceed 520,000 pounds.'

Here Mr. TREADWELL unfolds a principle of the utmost importance, from which he deduces the conclusion that a *fibrous material which possesses four times the strength in one direction that it does in another, will form a cannon of equal strength, if the fibres be directed round the axis of the calibre*. It is this which gives the great superiority to the various kinds of twist gun-barrels. Mr. TREADWELL continues:

'HAVING been aware of the fact here stated, and I trust, in a manner which can be easily understood and appreciated, for many years, I determined, between four and five years ago, to attempt to apply it practically to the fabrication of cannon. My first attempt was to make a four-pounder cannon, by the best means then at my command, of rings, or short hollow cylinders joined together end to end by welding. Each ring was made of several thinner rings, placed one over the other and welded. It will be seen that in this case, as the bars of which the several rings were formed were curved round the calibre, the direction of the fibres herein shown to be so essential was fully preserved. I may remark here, that this method was subsequently changed in some degree by first making a single thin ring of steel, and upon the outside of this, winding a bar of iron spirally, as a

ribbon is wound upon a block. This gun, although imperfectly made, withstood the action of enormous charges of powder, and was only burst by using very superior powder, and shot without windage. The fracture was made lengthwise of the gun, or across the fibres of the iron, and although the welds, (technically called jumps,) which united the rings to each other endwise, were most imperfect, they yet held together completely against the action of the powder. Two other cannon of similar kind were subsequently made, one of which yet remains uninjured, after having withstood many most severe tests. Having this experimental proof of the strength of cannon made in this form, my attention was next directed to devising machinery which should enable me to produce guns of large size with expedition and certainty. The result was the construction of a hydrostatic press, of fourteen-inch piston, having a power calculated at one thousand tons, and adapting to it a variety of machinery by which the rings can be formed, and afterwards united together with an ease and expedition, and with a perfection in form and freedom from flaw or blemish altogether unattainable by any other means; at the same time preserving in the iron all its strength and toughness.'

Before Mr. TREADWELL had proceeded to any considerable expense in the construction of this machinery, however, he laid the subject before the Secretary of War, who referred it to Lieutenant-Colonel TALCOTT, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. This gentleman recommended to the Secretary of War to authorize a contract for a few six-pounder field cannon, which contract was forthwith made. After about a year and a half of most devoted and exhausting labor, and a very large outlay of money, these guns were made, and the following is Mr. TREADWELL's striking account of the prodigious proof to which they were subjected:

'THEY were proved by officers of the ordnance, and standing the test required by the contract, which greatly exceeded the test of bronze guns of equal weight, eight hundred pounds, they were accepted and sent to Fort Monroe for further experimental trials. There two of them were fired with service charges fifteen hundred times each, without producing any injurious effect upon them. After this, one of those which had withstood fifteen hundred rounds was proved with the following charges:

20	rounds,	3	pounds of powder,	1	shot,	1	wad.
20	"	3	"	"	2	"	2
10	"	3	"	"	3	"	2
10	"	6	"	"	7	"	2

and remains entirely uninjured. There is no enlargement of the bore exceeding one-hundredth of an inch, and the gun is otherwise every way serviceable. No bronze six-pounder gun ever made would withstand uninjured a single discharge of three pounds of powder and three shot; and although cast-iron guns are sometimes made to resist that charge, yet the danger from fragments, in the event of bursting, must ever prevent their use with such charges with any degree of confidence.'

From these trials, and from others made with four light thirty-two pounders, contracted for by direction of Mr. UPSHUR, Mr. TREADWELL came to the conclusion that cannon might be made in the method here indicated, combining in *half the weight of cast-iron guns a strength equal to that of the cast-iron gun*. The grand difficulty of holding such light guns against the recoil is then met by a description, hardly intelligible without drawings, of a new recoil-check, of which we confess we have no very clear conception. A shaft passes through the carriage directly under the gun; this shaft is connected with a large flat band made of several ropes bound together by a web. It is idle to enter more minutely into a description which we so imperfectly comprehend. The effect of this contrivance, however, appears to be quite satisfactory, for Mr. TREADWELL declares that 'on full experiments made with it upon a thirty-two-pounder cannon, weighing nineteen hundred pounds, fired with eight pounds of powder and two shot, the force of the recoil upon the band was no more than twelve thousand pounds, a force which does not exceed the strength of one of the ten ropes of which the band is formed.' He next enters into the important subject of enlarging the calibres of cannon, and shows the advantages — we might say, or may shortly — the absolute necessity of adopting larger and of course infinitely more destructive shot. In support of his views he adduces the most reliable testimony, and thus continues:

'THESE facts are enough to show that an immense advantage may be attained by increasing the calibres of naval batteries. But the impracticability of obtaining any considerable increase of this

kind while cast-iron or bronze are used as the material of cannon, will be manifest from a slight examination. Experience has fully shown, that from one hundred and fifty to two hundred times the weight of the shot is required in all cast-iron guns of the usual proportional lengths, when used with full charges of powder, to render them secure from bursting. Even when of these weights the security is not perfect, as the history of naval battles shows numerous instances of terrible destruction from the bursting of cannon. One of the first guns fired from an American frigate in the war of 1812 burst and killed and wounded sixteen men; among the latter, the commander of the squadron himself.

Any one ever so slightly acquainted with our country's maritime exploits will readily bring to mind many similar casualties by which they were often dimmed. Mr. TREADWELL has by no means chosen the most signal of those calamities which, where they have not absolutely caused a defeat, must have sadly marred a triumph. One of Commodore CHAUNCEY's squadron upon Lake Ontario, the 'Pike,' was the scene of a still more dreadful accident. It was in the action of the 28th of September, 1813. The vessel had been exposed to a most effective fire from the enemy; her main top-gallant mast was shot away; her bow-sprit fore-mast and main-mast were all wounded; her sails and rigging were much cut up, and she had been repeatedly hulled, and two or three times below the water-line. These details are enough to show what sort of encounter she was exposed to, and how destructive a range of shot. Yet only five of her men were killed and wounded by the enemy's fire; but while she was bearing up in chase, the starboard gun, as Mr. COOPER elegantly tells us, '*burst*ed,' by which accident twenty-two men were either slain or seriously injured.' On Lake Champlain too, great injury resulted from the same terrible cause. It is not to be supposed that all such cases are noted, and that every '*burst*ed' gun which happens to kill half-a-dozen men is to pass into history. But every officer who has been long enough in the service to have seen any service, can cap these instances with similar experiences of his own. Captain MACDONOUGH's vessel, the 'Saratoga,' in the fierce engagement upon these above-named waters, was a particular illustration of difficult fighting with disabled guns, most of the carronades being either dismounted or crippled from overcharging. Indeed the ship was left in the middle of the battle without a single available gun. This want of strength Mr. TREADWELL argues must prevent any considerable enlargement of the calibres of the guns now used, without a corresponding increase in the weight of the guns, which is hardly practicable much beyond the present maximum. But with cannon of wrought-iron and steel he shows that there can be no doubt of the feasibility of firing heavy charges from guns having but sixty times the weight of the balls. The vast advantages of such guns he thus sums up:

'TAKE a frigate which now carries thirty-two-pounders: by the substitution of these cannon for cast iron, this frigate may be armed with sixty-four-pounders, and, without any increase of officers or men, may be made to throw as many shot of this weight, in a given time, as she can now throw of the lighter kind. The result must be, that in force she would be superior to any two-decker, as now armed, which could be opposed to her. Many of the ships and steamers now carry bomb-cannon. These are of great weight, though rarely if ever exceeding ten inches in calibre. The same shot may be thrown from steel cannon of about half the weight; or wherever guns of the present weight can be carried, they may be made of wrought iron and steel, of increased calibres, sufficient to throw shot and shells of double the weights of those now used.'

It is useless to urge the prodigious addition to our naval *power* which would thus be effected. In plain arithmetic, it is no less than *doubling* our present strength. For the protection of our harbors, too, the value of this improvement is not to be estimated by figures. What is to hinder the construction of such enormous ordnance by this method that a single one, or a pair, should amply guard a port? Think of a couple of guns, one on each side of the Narrows, capable of throwing shot of a thousand pounds in weight! Mr. TREADWELL says that he can see no insuperable difficulty in making such tremendous engines, or of such even as should carry a shot of *many* tons

in weight! In conclusion, Mr. TREADWELL glances at the obvious objections that would be started to his improvement. The puerile one that other nations would soon obtain it, would of course have applied to the first use of gunpowder and guns, and is sufficiently answered by the question, 'Is it prudent for us to wait until France, or England, or Russia, force us to follow them in the adoption of these mighty instruments of warfare? Of still less weight is any consideration of cost in comparison with the end to be attained. Mr. TREADWELL truly says, that allowing his statements of the superiority of his cannon to be true, the nation would gain by the use of them, if purchased by a sum equal in value to their weight in silver. Indeed, silver or gold is hardly to be weighed in the same scale with an object of such inestimable importance as the one presented; presented, as Mr. TREADWELL declares, 'not in the form of a mere theory, existing only in the mind of an ardent projector, but reduced by years of labor and a great outlay of money to actual practice, in which it has passed the test of most severe and decisive experiments.'

SKETCHES FROM LIFE. BY LAMAN BLANCHARD. Edited, with a Memoir, by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS is a very pleasant book; and in designating its characteristics, we shall avail ourselves of the distinguished editor's *résumé*: 'BLANCHARD's information upon all that interested the day, was various, and extended over a wide surface. His observation was quick and lively. He looked abroad with an inquiring eye, and noticed the follies and humors of men with a light and pleasant gayety, which wanted but the necessary bitterness (that was not in him) to take the dignity of satire. His style and his conceptions were not marked by the vigor which comes partly from concentration of intellect, and partly from heat of passion; but they evince, on the other hand, a purity of taste, and a propriety of feeling, which preserve him from the caricature and exaggeration that deface many compositions obtaining the praise of broad humor or intense purpose. His fancy did not soar high, but its play was sportive, and it sought its aliment with the grateful instincts of the poet.' When all the drawbacks upon what he actually was, are made and allowed, enough still remains to justify warm eulogy, and to warrant the rational hope that he will occupy an honorable place among the best writers of his age. Putting aside his poetical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he unquestionably stands high among a class of writers, in which for the last century we have not been rich; the Essayists, whose themes are drawn from social subjects, sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. His volumes deserve a place in every collection of Belles Lettres, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age: they possess what is seldom found in light reading, the charm that comes from bequeathing *pleasurable* impressions. They are suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life, all acerbity in observation, all gall in their gentle sarcasm. Added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective. Such works, more than many which aspire to a higher flight, and address themselves to Truth with a ruder and more vigorous courtship, are calculated to enjoy a favored station among the Dead who survive in Books.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'BOTHERATIONS OF WOMEN!' — THE 'COAXERS,' THE 'DRIVERS' AND THE 'WORKERS!' — A new correspondent, 'JOE MILLER, JR.,' discourses to some purpose upon '*The Botherations of Women*;' albeit he has rather over-elaborated his exordium, as well as a few of his illustrations. He contends that there is no man, bachelor or Benedict, ancient or juvenile, who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that since he wore his first long-tailed coat, 'the whole sex, from the 'help' in his mother's kitchen to 'the girls at meeting,' and from them up to 'the young ladies who play the piano,' have not been a constantly-going-on, a never-ending and out-and-out BOTHERATION. We are presented with a 'sample' of our sex, as an embodied and 'fixed fact' in this regard. While shaving in the morning, his thoughts dwelling the while upon the young lady with whom he flirted last evening, he starts (and cuts a gash in his cheek) at sight of a beautiful damsel at an opposite window, who is watering flowers; 'now bending down to pick out a decayed leaf, and now lifting her sweet face, blooming with health, to look after some stray 'morning-glory' which her small white hand would 'train up in the way it should go.' Breakfast over, he hurries down Broadway to the marts of trade, and scuds like a business-man through crowded streets, on 'change, and in all public places, his thoughts distracted and his calculations spoiled by the apparition of some daughter of Eve, who has chanced to trip past him in all the witchery of her loveliness; beautiful alike in face and figure; her elegant dress swelling round her person after the latest fashion; with one hand deposited in a side-pocket, her face cast down, innocently and gracefully sucking the knob on the end of her sun-shade, or biting with her small white teeth its ivory ring. Who could resist attractions like these? In an instant his thoughts steal from art to nature. Notes, discounts, purchases and sales flee from his excited brain. All the joys of a happy home rise before him — a fond wife and merry children. And now Fancy runs over a space of twenty years; and in his mind's eye he sees a long train of beautiful daughters, all walking the streets, sucking the knobs of future parasols in the same graceful manner as the beauty who has just passed him. 'It is a curious fact,' says Mr. MILLER, JR., 'that although the whole sex have conspired together for one object, they have yet various methods of operation, all tending to the same grand result — botheration. There are some of the softer sex, of an amiable turn of mind, who think that the *quiet* system is the best, and they prefer to gain their objects by wheedling. Others, having great confidence in the assumption of authority, prefer to adopt a commanding manner, and trust to their powers of compulsion. While

a third class prefer a constant and well-directed course of teasing, believing that continual dropping wears away the hardest stone. The sex may be divided into three grand classes; namely: COAXERS, DRIVERS and WORRIERS. Let us glance at them for a moment, in their order.

And first: when did women ever cease COAXING? when *will* they cease? Coax! why, they coax from the cradle to the grave; it comes as natural to them as smiling. In early life, or mature years, it is all the same. If we are children, it is 'Auh! *do* now; if you do n't,' 'pon my word, I'll never speak to you again! Auh, I think you might; I think you're mean if you do n't.' If we are 'children of a larger growth,' it is: 'Dear WILLIAM, wont you, for *my* sake now? — only once! I'm sure you cant refuse this one time;' and they languish at you with their sparkling eyes, and pout out their ruby lips so prettily, that for the soul of you you can't refuse; and before you know it, you are completely bamboozled out of your independence and firmness. When CORIOLANUS threatened to destroy Rome, who was it coaxed him to forego his intention, and spare the city? Why, the women. And when Governor DORR undertook his last revolution, who was it furnished recruits for his valiant army? The Yankee girls. Just look at the superiority of female tactics in every branch of this 'elegant accomplishment.' Suppose (understand, I say '*suppose*') a lady wishes you to kiss her. Now if a man wanted such a thing, the probability is that he would ask for it 'right out,' or it may be, proceed to snatch one without asking at all; but if a damsel desires one of the 'long, long' salutes, of which BYRON speaks, how much more finished is her plan of operations! She has some 'great secret' to tell her lover, and gets behind his chair to whisper it softly in his ear; her long curls sweep over his face; her balmy breath spreads incense around him; and her 'secret,' by reason of her agitation, is murmured so low that he can't distinguish a word of it; and most naturally, he turns his face around to catch her meaning from her eyes; and in doing so, his lips (accidentally, of course) meet her's; and then — oh! 'linked sweetness long drawn out' is n't 'a touch to it;' and the most brilliant exploits of military strategy are completely dimmed by this specimen of female manœuvring, which a lawyer would pronounce to be a clear case of 'obtaining a kiss under false pretences.' This is just the way they coax, bewilder and bother; and if they can't succeed in this manner, they make their next attempt as 'DRIVERS.'

'SAM SLICK says, 'The men hold the reins but the women tell them how to drive;' and theoretically and practically, such is the fact. A woman will coax, entreat and languish as long as she can, and men show a disposition to comply; but let these weapons fail, and '*presto*, change!' She comes out a perfect tyrant; scolds and berates us, if we are only 'courting;' boxes our ears, or smacks our mouths, if we are 'engaged;' and lectures, scratches and thumps us if we're 'married.' One, who is a good subject for 'driving,' stands no chance at all. Every effort which he makes to extricate himself only plunges him deeper in the difficulty; and finally at one start he finishes the matter forever, and we see him safely secured, like a big cat-fish with a string through his gills. Did you ever remark a juvenile pussy after she has achieved the conquest of a poor insignificant mouse; how she hits it a spat, and sends it here, and then to balance matters gives it another and sends it there; how she shakes, cuffs, and knocks it about until it is almost breathless, and then, should it endeavor to escape, puts her paw on it triumphantly, and seems to say: 'You run away, if you dare!' If so, then you may have some slight idea of the situation of a poor fellow who is a good subject for 'driving.' He gets a hit here, which sends him bang into a tea-party;

then whack ! comes another, which sends him clear into the middle of next week, at a pic-nic party ; and whip ! comes a toss up into the air, and he alights on his feet at a fashionable ball. And one-half of the time the unfortunate man is unconscious of his maltreatment ; thinks it is all very nice ; that he is doing the agreeable, and making all these arrangements himself ; when in fact the whole affair is managed by the lady to suit herself ; and yet she has the address to make him believe that *he* is the author. And he stands like a calf about to be led to the slaughter, while his enemies are getting the dripping-pan and basting-spoon ready for his roasting, and he is at that moment being regularly 'done brown.' We see occasionally in the newspapers accounts of marriages which take place 'after fifty years' courtship,' and every one is shocked to think of the great waste of time which has taken place, when an expeditious 'driver' would have brought the wooer up to the popping-point 'immediately, if not sooner.' The matter is very simple. Five or six hints of the superior attractions of Mr. SMITH or Mr. BROWN, with an occasional going to church with one or the other, or both ; and then a softness of voice, and a sort of 'Dont-speak-to-me-but-go-right-straight-away-and-ask-my-pa'-ativeness,' in his presence, will soon bring affairs to a crisis. It is all very nice for a beau to have no rival, but it is sometimes the source of great procrastination, when one or two appearances of some good-looking man with whiskers would have sharpened up the ideas of the lagging admirer wonderfully, and he would have been in great haste to have married his inamorata for fear some body else would get her. It is said that there are other ways of 'driving' which are not quite so pleasant ; but as the present generation has been made very well acquainted with some of the ways in which it is done, it is thought hardly necessary to discuss the matter here ; yet those who wish to study this branch of the science, are referred for particulars to the melancholy narrations of the patient and long-suffering JOB CAUDLE. But to change the sad picture, suppose that 'in conclusion' we say a word or two of 'WORRIERS?'

When a man can't be led, he must be driven ; and when he can't be driven, he must be worried. There's a smile when he's willing, a frown when he's sullen, and a scolding when he's stubborn. The fact has been long ascertained, that teasing is the most delightful thing which a woman can do ; it is so easy, so pleasant, and puts her in such an amiable state of mind. Just let her get fair game, an old bachelor, for example, and *don't* she worry ? — first one way and then another. Now it is, 'Why don't you get married, Mr. SIMPKINS ? I'm sure you're old enough.' And then, 'Oh ! who'd have such an old dried-up 'specimen' as you are ? I don't wonder that you are not married ; such fusty, stingy, cross, sour old wretches seldom are.' Or if it should be a coquette, with some ill-used victim dangling after her, looking as thin as a fishing-rod and as lugubrious as a sick monkey ; sighing like a bellows and groaning like a dry cart-wheel ; then if she does not care about 'driving' him to extremities, but prefers to worry him, for the fun of the thing, what a happy opportunity to exercise this amiable characteristic ! She goes with him to a ball, and dances all the evening with Mr. JOHNSON ; she engages to go with him on the next Sabbath evening to hear the Rev. Dr. POUNDTEXT preach, and before he reaches the house she is off with Mr. JENKINS ; he visits her and finds her so much entertained with the conversation of Mr. JONES, that she does not look at him all the evening ; and all this time the unfortunate wight views the whole proceeding in much the same light as a little dog looks at a big one, when the big one runs away with the little one's bone ; 'grins horribly a ghastly smile ;' tries to make-believe that it is a good joke, a

very good joke, while all the time rage is gnawing at his heart, and every circumstance portends that there will shortly be a grand blow-up. Positively it is a shame that they worry the men so; and yet 'some people' say that they are not so much to blame, after all. 'They say' that the men encourage them in it, and as long as they do so, they must expect that the women will smile, provoke, bother, and tease them. Now, if an unfortunate love-stricken youth is troubled by the smile of Beauty, do you think that if she knows it to be the fact, she will 'stop it'? Not a bit of it! It is more than likely that on the next occasion she sees him, she will smile more sweetly than ever; and he, silly fool! instead of bracing up his nerves, and flying to 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' what does he do? Why, like a frightened horse, he rushes into the flames again with his eyes wide open! So that after all he is more to blame than his sweet-heart; and if any accident happens, let the coroner's jury bring in a verdict of 'Sarved him right!' All which is respectfully submitted to the consideration of our 'loving' readers, here and elsewhere.

CONCISE CONCLUSION OF THE 'CAPITAL STORY OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.'—We left Professor KILMARNOCK, it will be remembered, quite *distract* at the trick which had been played upon him by the old Dutchman, who regardless of 'trouble and expense' obstinately declined to be hung. The wag however who had led the professor into his pleasant predicament, in some remorse at the extent of the depletion which he had undergone, lent his advice and assistance in furtherance of a plan which was to reimburse him for his pecuniary sacrifices. He represented to him that it would be quite as advantageous to science, and much more pleasant to an audience, if the experiments which he had intended for the murderer were to be made on animals; and he marvelled why they should have been so stupid as not to have thought of this before. He offered to arrange every thing before evening in such a manner that no one should be disappointed. The good friend who thus put his shoulder to the wheel in time of need was called 'Captain JACKSON'; and the first thing he did was to despatch a bell-man through the streets, giving notice that the exhibition would take place that evening, and inviting the inhabitants to attend, 'for the honor of science and Cincinnati.' He next purchased, (of a gentleman who had got tired of him,) for four dollars, a bear, about two-thirds grown, and received as a present a large woolly dog, whose fat condition and venerable years had rendered him useless to his owner. Boys were sent also in all directions to make prisoners of frogs, of which there is no scarcity in those parts. By seven o'clock the Circus was literally crammed; for the idea had gone abroad that there would be quite as much sport as science, and the union of the two presented an irresistible attraction. In the centre of the arena, on a stout wooden table, stood the galvanic battery; and on one side, facing the audience, sat in an arm-chair Professor KILMARNOCK; on the other was a stout red-headed Irishman, by the name of MULLONEY, who had volunteered his services for the sake of having a nearer view of the fun. On a bench at the back of the battery sat three fat, shining, grinning negroes; and at one end of the bench stood a covered basket with the frogs. Right and left, farther forward than the group aforesaid, and nearer the audience, stood two large pedestals, which usually bore colossal busts of WASHINGTON and LA FAYETTE. These were now displaced, and on the top of one was chained the bear, and on the other the dog. The bear, having been bred in the woods, was something of a philosopher, and did not

covet such an honorable and exalted situation ; for he kept running the length of his chain, and occasionally clambering slowly round the pillar to the top, giving at short intervals a discontented growl. The dog sat quietly blinking slowly round on the people, with an air of patient dissatisfaction and injured innocence, which plainly said, 'I disapprove entirely of all this, and wash my paws of the whole proceedings.'

When the people had arrived and settled themselves in their seats, the professor arose, bowing and smiling, and came forward just midway between the bear and the dog : 'Gentlemen and leddies,' he commenced, flourishing a white cambric handkerchief, 'no, leddies and gentlemen, I mean,' with another flourish of his *mouchoir*, 'you are aw-assembled, for which I thank you ;' here he pressed his hand on his heart ; 'and all I can say is, that I hope the instruction may be equal to my gratitude. With your leave, we will first commence by experiments on the bear.' Here he made a motion to one of the negroes, who came forward with a noose, and threw it dexterously round the bear's neck. After a few struggles, the animal fell heavily down ; upon which the professor ordered him to be brought to the battery, and proceeded to open a nerve. But bruin had been 'playing possum ;' for the moment the knife pricked his skin, up he jumped, and gave chase after the professor and negroes, who ran at their utmost speed round and round the arena. MULLONEY jumped on the vacant pedestal, laughing, waving a red pocket-handkerchief, hurrahing, and shouting, 'Catch him, you naigers ! shake hands with him by the fut !' The men and boys hurrahed, the ladies shrieked ; and to have heard the din, you would have thought Confusion had gone crazy. After several rounds, stumbles, and falls, the pursued rallied, closed upon the bear, and finally strangled the poor beast outright. On making an incision for the nerve, the unfortunate professor severed a vein, and the blood spouted over his face and vest, to the terror of some of the spectators, who fainted, and to the great amusement of others, who laughed heartily to see the nice professor so disagreeably bespattered. He wiped off the sanguineous stains, bound the vein, and prepared to operate upon what he called a nerve. 'Noo, leddies and gentlemen, in two minutes ye will see him stand on his ain feet ; and do n't be affrighted if he growl just as when alive.' But who can paint the poor professor's dismay, when he found that the trough, which was an unlined wooden box, had leaked, and that the acid and water could not act on the plates ! This, in deep mortification, he was obliged to confess. But being somewhat reassured by the cheers of the good-natured audience, he offered for their amusement to kill the dog. Here Towser began to howl piteously ; but as the cry 'No dog ! no dog !' resounded through the house, he brightened up at once, and from that moment seemed himself to enjoy the scene. 'Then,' said he, 'we will try the frogs.' Being near-sighted, he opened the basket rather wide ; when, flip ! flap ! flop ! went the lively contents ; and one of the negroes cried out, 'Massa, dey all off but two !' And sure enough, they *were* all off but two. It was now their turn to be the chasers, instead of the chased ; and off they went after the frogs, with as much good-will as the bear had displayed in his pursuit after them, a short time before. In the excitement of the scene, the professor's foot slipped on the spot where he had opened the vein of the bear : he fell and rolled over in the mixture of blood and tan, and rose amid shouts and yells of laughter. 'KILMARNOCK ! KILMARNOCK for ever ! A speech ! a speech !' rang through the house, interspersed with whistling, drumming, hissing and stamping. But the professor had sunk into his chair, so overpowered by shame and chagrin that he was unable to utter a word.

Here MULLONEY came to his aid, and once more jumping upon the pedestal, at length obtained a hearing. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he began, 'I am sure my poor friend can feelingly say with the frogs, 'What is sport to you is death to me;' so no more pelting for a speech. I assure you, on my honor, that you have this evening witnessed an exhibition such as civilized Europe has never had the privilege of looking upon; and such an one, though it is probable you all expect to be octogenarians, as it is not likely you will ever again behold. Ladies and gentlemen of Cincinnati, on your account our friend is plunged into a '*brown study*,' which I am sure you are too polite and well-bred to interrupt; and as the performance has closed, I hope you will consider the curtain to have fallen.' A round of applause followed; the people dispersed in high good humor; and a shrewd Yankee, who saw them file off at the door, said he 'guessed a'ter all the exhibition had n't turned out such a bad speculation.' But however well it might have mended the hole in the professor's pocket, it left a gaping and incurable wound in his self-esteem. He felt that it would ever after be ridiculous to talk on his favorite sciences in Cincinnati. The pet vanity of his life, (and who of us has not fostered some such flattering ideal?) had suddenly been torn from its hiding-place, and exposed to the merciless scoffs and jeers of a whole city. And though he was by no means aware of all this, for like most theorists he attributed his practical failure to all causes but the true one, still there was a diminution of self-consequence, sufficient to make him extremely uneasy. Like others — and the mistake usually lasts for life with those who apply no severer tests than talk — he had mistaken admiration for capacity; and had taken words, which are but the shadows of knowledge, for its body and substance. The professor never afterward felt at home in Cincinnati, and in a short time removed to New-Orléans, in the atmosphere of which most cosmopolitan metropolis he regained all his former confidence. This, however, he did not long enjoy; for he got a crotchet into his head that chloride was so certain a disinfecting agent, that he resolved to prove its efficacy by staying in the city one summer, while the yellow fever was raging in all its borders. With a little pot of chloride in his hand, he confidently entered the infected districts; and many of the sufferers in the hospitals had reason to remember the kind 'Scotch doctor' who so fearlessly and assiduously endeavored to relieve their distress. But poor man! in *his* hour of need no kind hand performed for him the like services. He had been missed from his boarding-house only two days; indeed, his absence was scarcely noticed, before they went to look for him; when, sad to relate, they found him in the last agonies of existence. He must have been taken so suddenly and severely ill, when alone in his office, as to be unable to call for assistance. And what must he not have suffered during those two dreadful days, without one to speak a kind word, or to give him a drop of water! Thus closely in the journey of life jostled together Comedy and Tragedy! We say '*journey of life*,' because we are assured by our correspondent that the circumstances narrated in the preceding sketch were of actual occurrence, and that the details are true to the letter. A perusal of the narrative has awakened in our mind the remembrance of a similarly ludicrous scene, which occurred with a fellow-student in one of the interior towns of our glorious 'Empire State,' and at which we have sometimes even 'laughed in our sleep.' When time and opportunity shall serve, we may endeavor to jot down a description of it, for the gratification of our readers. If the mad wag H——, who was so conspicuous an actor on the occasion referred to, will refresh our memory a little as to the inceptive incidents, he will oblige us.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—In passing through the avenues and other thoroughfares of the metropolis, you will notice an abundance of setter dogs. One of this breed is stationed at nearly every grocery, being excellent on the watch, and decidedly repugnant to rats. They have a peculiarly knowing look, with their eye-brows brushed up stiffly. It is no disparagement, yet one of them bears a remarkable resemblance to a certain judge in a neighboring State; but 'we name no parties.' Certainly their looks do not belie them, as we can testify by instances of their sagacity which have fallen under our own notice, or which have come to us on the direct testimony of their owners. An esteemed friend informs us that he once knew a grocer in an adjacent country town who was in the habit of going frequently to the city by rail-road for the purchase of goods, returning by the afternoon train at four o'clock. His dog Ponto, at that time or thereabout, would slip out of doors and sit upon the steps, with the air of an old deaf man who listens with the hollow of his hand placed behind his ear. At the first striking of the bell which announced the coming of the train, he started upon a dog-trot for the dépôt, about a quarter of a mile distant; and getting upon a high platform, where he could look into the cars as they rolled past, curiously inspected their contents, as a child would look out for his father; when, having recognized his master in the crowd, his eyes danced with joy, and he wagged his peculiarly short tail in the delight of recognition. But of this the charm consisted in the manner, which cannot easily be described. 'I once had myself a dog of this breed,' said our friend, 'who from being much spoken to from his tender puppyhood, understood the meaning of any plain sentence of the English language. He sat upon the rug and listened to conversations with much interest if they related to common topics, but if they had to do with metaphysics he went to sleep. One day, in order to try him, I ordered him to take a basket into the yard and fill it with chips. He immediately seized one with his teeth, carried it out, picked up the broad hickory chips, filled it, and bringing it in, placed it upon the hearth.' Shortly after this, his owner came within an ace of losing him in a very melancholy way. In a scuffling warfare with a cat, he was so unfortunate as to fall into a deep well. Having procured a rope and grappling irons, with much difficulty they succeeded in drawing him to the top, when he slipped and fell again to the bottom. This occurred three times; at last he was got out and laid upon the stable-floor 'for dead.' He came however slowly to himself, but seemed to be in a precarious state, when suddenly he discovered a rat; and forgetting 'the pit out of which he had been digged,' with the small life which was yet in him he leaped up and took the life of the rat. This quickened his pulses; and the next day he was in the granary, active and well as usual. With permission, ladies and gentlemen, we will now change the subject to *Goats*. We have often been much amused with the manners of those animals 'after this kind' whose education is mainly metropolitan. Nature, it satisfactorily appears, will vindicate herself in spite of all obstacles. The goat is born with a 'wild disposition.' He loves to poise himself on the precipice, and to overleap the chasm. What can he do in the great city, where the cone of every hill is shaved down, and inaccessible walls of brick and mortar take the place of the hill-side and the valley? He does as well as he can under such circumstances. He takes the best substitute, even as the swan will sully his white feathers in a muddy pool, for lack of the brilliant waters of the flowing stream. Not long since, before the ruins of the late 'great fire' were cleared away, we noticed, in the midst of rubbish and piles of brick, a high wall stand-

ing in a ticklish attitude, narrow at the base but widening at the top, and projecting over with its loose brick at a sharp and threatening angle. At this very place stood an old goat, with long white beard, looking over the artificial crags and wide-spread ruin with silent dignity and satisfaction. The samphire-gatherer's hold was not more dangerous. We have very much enjoyed latterly the belligerent tricks of a ram, who stands nearly the whole time under a wagon where Bleecker-street empties itself into Abingdon-Square. A month ago, when his forehead, as HORACE has it, was just 'turgid with coming horns,' some boys were plaguing him in a shameful manner. He took it pretty well, save that he occasionally reared up with great perpendicularity, and with his head threateningly lowered, reminded us, for a moment, of that verse in 'Don Juan,' which COLERIDGE pronounces the most classic in the poem:

'A BAND of children round a snow-white ram
There wreath'd his venerable head with flowers,
While peaceful as if still an unweaned lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
And eats from out the hand, or playful lowers
His head in act to butt, or kindly then
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.'

The boys were evidently taking advantage of the good-nature of the animal. 'Wait till he gets a month older,' said a by-stander; 'you won't sarve him that way *then*, I guess.' Yesterday, just about a month from the time spoken of, we saw the boys at their old trick of tormenting the ram. The prophecy turned out to be correct. He 'would n't stand it' any longer. He not only drove his enemies from the ground; he pursued them through the halls of a half-finished building, up the avenue, and indeed pressed them so sore, that interference became necessary. He then retreated beneath his wagon, where he sat looking as sober and majestic as a judge. A few remarks upon *Pigs*, ladies and gentlemen, will conclude the present discourse. City pigs have a hard time of it, as indeed they ought, having 'no business there.' Scarce one of them has a whole ear; their tails have been torn off; and what with being bitten, scalded, kicked, run over by the omnibii, and anticipated in the revenues of the gutters by scavengers, they are far from being rid of the 'ills which flesh is heir to.' Yet they are not altogether wanting even in a higher instinct. We noticed in coming up this morning an overgrown 'porker' poking his nose slyly around a corner. He evidently had an eye on a dog who was coming down the street, spreading consternation in his path. The old fellow retreated in good time, and quietly placed himself behind a large hogshead which stood by a grocery, holding his breath, and refraining from even so much as a gentle grunt, until he saw his enemy had passed by, when he came forth and breakfasted on some potato-peelings with immense satisfaction. . . . WHAT a beautiful illustration is that in 'Ion' of the assurance which human affection and love give us of a reunion with the departed in another and a better world! 'When thou art gone,' asks CLEMANTHE, 'shall we never see each other?' To which Ion replies in words pregnant with spiritual meaning and undying affection:

——— 'Yes!
I've asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While thus I gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish; we *shall* meet
Again, CLEMANTHE!'

And who shall doubt it? . . . HENRY INMAN, the gifted artist, the pleasant companion, the warm friend, the fond husband and father, has 'passed on!' His bodily presence has ceased to be with us. His observant eye, never closed to the charms of God's beautiful creation, has opened upon immortal scenes of perennial verdure. A companion of the innumerable 'shining ones' whose faces are 'like the light,' walking amid green pastures and by the side of still waters in a 'better country,' his soul drinks with ineffable delight effulgent hues which outvie all that his mind had conceived or his pencil portrayed while on the earth. The death of our friend was not unexpected to his family nor to himself: 'On giving,' says a contemporary, 'the last touch to his 'October Afternoon,' a painting finished during the month of October last, and which was almost his last production, he remarked that he 'had painted his last picture.' A mutual friend, in paying a feeble tribute to his memory, well remarks, that 'Rarely does there pass away from earth a man whose life more endeared him to those who knew him than INMAN. He had all the qualities which go to the making up of a true man; and so genial was his character; so full of every thing which could qualify a companion, and form a friend; so abounding was his eloquent conversation with the riches of a cultivated and well-stored mind; with suggestive philosophy, sparkling wit, genuine humor and illustrative anecdote; so keenly did he enjoy life and life's blessings, and the many friends that enjoyed it too, and the more for his companionship; and all this too while Disease was weighing him down with her heavy crushing hand; that we could hardly realize the fact of his being destined to an early grave. He has gone in and out among the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances, for many years, laying up stores of future association with his memory, and rearing all the while a beautiful and enduring monument of his excellent genius. To few in our country in their own life-time has Fame sounded a clearer and more assuring pæan than that which she has breathed over the easel of INMAN. He was one of the elect of Genius, to whom was vouchsafed the glorious vision of his own immortality.' . . . A CLERGYMAN in one of the Southern states, noted for the easy polish of his manners, and especially for the beauty of his penmanship, had a favorite slave, who fell deeply in love with a sable beauty on a neighboring plantation. The ardor of the flame that consumed him was such that it at length overcame his bashfulness; and he begged his master in most moving terms to write a 'lub-letter' for him. The master at once consented; and after writing a long and flowery epistle, in the most approved love-letter style, and in faultless chirography, read it over to the expectant 'darker.' He seemed much delighted with it, and allowed his master to fold and almost finish directing it, when a shade passed over his shining countenance; and looking exceedingly puzzled, he burst forth: 'Oh LORD! Massa, dat nebber do! *Nebber* do, in dis 'varsal world!' 'Why, how now POMPEY? what is the matter? What is it that displeases you in the letter?' 'Why, Massa! you l'arned gemman, and not know *dat*!—and even poor Pomp, *he* know? Oh! Lord-gorra! I thought white folk know *som'thin*!' (This last was an aside.) Do n't you see, you nebber *finish* lub-letter? You not say, 'Please excudge de bad writing?'. . . AMONG the 'club-laws of London, in the elder time, at least among those of *one* of the clubs of London, were the following, which seem to us to partake somewhat of the character of 'sanitary regulations:'. 'If any member absents himself he shall forfeit a penny, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment; if he tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie a half.

penny. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes; and if his wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him outside the door. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any other member of it; and no one of the club shall have his clothes or shoes mended but by a brother member.' This strikes us as something like 'a close corporation.' . . . In reading over 'L. S. N.'s article, we are reminded of a passage in the manuscript-collegiate poem, to which we made a brief reference in a late number:

'IMPERIAL FASHION! thy impartial care
Things most momentous and most trivial share;
Now crushing conscience as a vulgar foe,
And now a waist, and now perchance a toe;
At once for pistols and the polka votes,
And shapes alike our characters and coats;
The gravest problem that the world divides,
And lightest riddle, in a breath decides:
If wrong may not, by circumstance, be right?
If black cravats be more 'genteel' than white?
If by her 'bishop' or her grace alone
A real lady or a church is known?'

'To-day she slowly drags a cumbrous trail,
And Ton rejoices in its length of tail;
To-morrow, changing her capricious sport,
She trims her flounces just as much too short;
To-day right jauntily a hat she wears
That scarce affords a shelter to her ears;
To-morrow, haply searching long in vain,
You spy her face far down a Leghorn-lane.'

THE leading paper in the present number will arrest the attention and sustain the interest of the reader. It proceeds from the pen of Major G. TOCHMAN, a native of Poland, now a naturalized citizen of this 'asylum for the oppressed,' and a counsellor at law of the Supreme Court of the United States. He is descended from an ancient and noble family, of the armorial '*Dolenga*,' and is a nephew of JOHN SKRZYNECKI, the celebrated General-in-Chief of the Polish army, who in 1830-'31 caused the Russian Autocrat's throne to tremble. Mr. TOCHMAN entered the 'Revolutionary Army of Poland in 1830 as a volunteer, and in a few months was promoted to the rank of major, and obtained the Gold Cross of Honor, '*Virtuti Militari*.' On his arrival in France, in 1834, he was elected by his fellow-exiles Vice-President of the Polish Council. In 1837 he came to America, and soon obtained a professorship in the College of Louisville, Kentucky. Anxiety to serve the cause of his native land induced him in 1839 to resign his professorship. In the course of the succeeding five years he has won golden opinions among us as a public lecturer. He also made himself favorably known by the triumphant controversy with a correspondent of the '*National Intelligencer*,' who over the signature of '*Tacitus*' attempted to sketch the history of the Northern nations of Europe, and ventured to decry Poland and the Poles. During his various tours in the United States, Major TOCHMAN studied our institutions and laws, and as has been seen, has qualified himself to take the highest degree of the American bar. His residence is in this city, where he devotes himself with assiduity and success to the duties of his profession. . . . EVERY reader of the KNICKERBOCKER will remember OLLAPOD's account of the bill that was rendered by an Italian 'buster' to our estimable friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. PHILIP HONE, for busts of WASHINGTON and SHAKESPEARE: 'Mr. HUON, Squar: Busto VACCENTON and Busto GUISPIER,' so much monies. The '*Courier and Enquirer*' gives even a better specimen than this, of *English* acquirements in the vernacular. It seems that an American sailor, on a recent

arrival at Liverpool, hired a horse to ride a short distance into the country; but a sailor on a frolic does not always return with as much punctuality as some other classes of equestrians, and on this occasion the horse and rider not coming back exactly at the time stipulated, the horse was sent for by the owner. The next day the bill was presented; so much for '*Anorsafada*,' and so much for '*Agitinonimome*!' It requires a little study to find out that this means so much for 'An'orse 'alf a day,' and so much for 'A-gitin' on 'im 'orne!' . . . We 'say nothing' of the series commenced in the present number under the title of '*Lights and Shadows of Fashionable Life*;' but if our readers do not find in the author — to whose person or whereabouts by-the-by we have not the slightest cue — a writer of rare endowments; a keen observer, who with a faithful pencil sketches 'what he *sees*, and part of which he *is*,' set us down as no soothsayer. Apropos of the present initial paper: Mr. SCHEMIL, being invisible, cannot of course correct his own proofs; and as one of the sheets passed to the press without the revision of the Editor, we must ask the reader to correct the two following errors: Near the top of page twenty-nine, for 'To have *wasted* your friends,' etc., read '*roasted*;' and in the thirty-second line of the one hundred and thirtieth page, for '*and* least of all,' etc., read '*nor* least of all.' . . . AN artist painted LOVE and TIME, the latter with two wings outspread, and 'Love without a feather.' The pictures were admired by a young lady on the eve of her marriage:

COPIES of each the dame bepoke;
The artist, ere he drew a stroke,
Reversed his old opinions,
And straightway to the fair one brings
TIME in his turn devoid of wings,
And CUPID with two pinions.

'What blunder 's this!' the lady cries:
'No blunder, Madam,' he replies,
I hope I'm not so stupid:
Each has his pinions in his day,
TIME, before marriage, flies away,
And after marriage, CUPID.'

Do n't let us say any thing however to discourage the already half-yielding bachelor. Let him still bear in mind that 'Men are like masonry, never to be depended upon until they *settle*.' . . . NOTHING is more characteristic of your true Frenchman than his irrepressible curiosity, which he will often gratify at the expense of danger, and sometimes at the risk of his life. In matters of science, by the way, this peculiarity of the 'grand nation' has been of great service to mankind. A friend relates a story pleasantly illustrative of this insatiable national impulse. A young Parisian lawyer, accustomed only to French breakfasts, arrived in the morning at Dover on his way to London, was surprised to find a robust JOHN BULL seated at a small side-table, loaded with meats and their accompaniments. He surveyed him attentively for a moment or two, and then began to soliloquize in an 'undress rehearsal' of the sparse English at his command: 'Mon Dieu!' said he, 'can it be possible zat eet gentilhomme is ete hees *brekfaste*? Nevare minds; I shall, I sink I shall *ask* heem. 'Monsieur! I am stranger. Vili you 'av ze politesse to tell me wezzet zat is your brekfaste or your denyat wat you eat?' JOHN rises with indignation, his cheeks distended with a large portion of his substantial meal, and is about to resent what he deems an affront; but discretion gets the better of valor, and he sits down again to resume his meal. The Frenchman paces the floor dubiously for some minutes, until his enhanced curiosity overcomes his temporary timidity, when he again accosts the sharp-set son of 'perfidious Albion': 'Sare, if you knew de reezon wherefor' I rek-quire for know wezzet zat is your brekfaste or your denyat wat you ete, you would 'av ze politesse to tell me immediate, and sans offence.' JOHN was silent, as before, but his face actually glowed with excitement and suppressed passion. All these evidences of displeasure however were lost upon the curious traveller, who

once more addressed his 'unwilling witness,' and this time fairly brought him to the use of his speech; for he rose in great anger, accused the Frenchman of having insulted him; a blow followed, and a duel was the 'net purport and upshot' of the affair. Had the Frenchman's curiosity been satisfied, he would doubtless have been more steady-handed; 'but Destiny had willed it otherwise.' BULL's bullet pierced him, and the wound was decided to be mortal. Englishmen are seldom ill-tempered upon a full stomach: our hero relented; he was filled with remorse at having shot the poor fellow on so slight a provocation, and was most anxious to make amends for his fault. 'My friend,' said he to the dying man, 'it grieves me much that I should have been so rash as to lose my temper in so trifling a matter; and if there is any way in which I can serve you, rest assured you have only to name it, and I will faithfully perform your last request.' 'Will you, my fren'? — zen,' said his victim, writhing in the agonies of death, 'if you will *be so kind as tell me wezzar zat was your brekfaste or your denay wat you ete, I shall die ver' mosh content!*' . . . CAN you inform us, reader, who is the author of the following noble lines? We have repeated them to not a few persons, but have never been able satisfactorily to establish their paternity. They purport to have been found in a case containing a human skeleton:

BEHOLD this ruin! 't was a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full!
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat:
What beauteous pictures filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure, long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace or record here!

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employ'd,
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And when it could not praise, was chain'd;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them;
But, if the Page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on Wealth or Fame!

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod,
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe Affliction's humble bed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to Virtue's lap return'd;
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

It was our privilege and great pleasure to be present as a guest the other evening at a 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' to which, although not a public one, we

may be pardoned for adverting. Several Scottish gentlemen assembled, with a few friends, to do honor to the memory of BURNS, their custom every twelvemonth. The best of cordial feeling and good fellowship prevailed; wit and mirth, the song, the repartee, the anecdote, enlivened the time; and each one retired, somewhere in the 'wee short hours ayont the twal,' satisfied that whether or no there was metal enough in a sword to be beaten into a ploughshare, there would at least be no use for the weapon between two nations speaking a common language, that was not quite as harmless for evil as that honored agricultural implement. The remarks of the chairman, on rising to propose the initial toast of the evening, were exceedingly appropriate, and occasionally eloquent. Among other characteristics of BURNS's writings, he alluded to their nationality. 'Like cream, it floats on the surface of all his works; it mingles in his humor as well as in his tenderness: it is never offensive to an English ear; there is nothing narrow-souled in it. He rejoiced in Scotland's ancient glory and strength; he bestowed his affection on her heathery mountains, as well as on her romantic vales; he gloried in the worth of her husbandmen and in the loveliness of her maidens. The bracken glens and brae-sides of the North were more welcome to his sight than would have been the sunny dales of Italy, fragrant with ungathered grapes.' The speaker gave the following capital anecdote, which he had from the lips of one of the 'twa friens' referred to: 'In the grenadier company of a Scottish regiment, forming part of the British army in Spain, were two privates, known among their companions as the 'twa friens,' from the steadiness of their mutual attachment, and otherwise much respected for propriety of conduct. In one of the last skirmishes that took place among the Lower Pyrenees, when the brave British soldiers drove their opponents from one entrenched height to another to the very confines of the 'sacred territory,' one of the 'friens' received a severe wound in the thigh. During the few weeks the troops were in cantonment, previous to entering France, the wounded of the regiment lay in a church, and among them the individual now mentioned. His friend, in the intervals of duty, affectionately watched over him. On one occasion, while visiting and cheering the sick of his own company, finding himself placed within a few feet of their bed, but in a position where he remained unseen, he could not forbear stopping to admire the behaviour of the 'twa friens;' and as he confessed, his heart melted even to tears on hearing their conversation. 'JAMIE,' said the wounded man, 'I feel sae strang the day, that I fain would hear you read to me.' 'I am most willing,' replied his companion, 'but I fear we can get nae books here, and it's far to my quarters; an ye ken, I dinna like to leave you.' 'Look,' was the answer, 'in my knapsack; there's twa books there—the BIBLE and BURNS's poems. If ye read,' continued he, looking up to his friend with a grateful smile, 'I dinna muckle care which ye get.' But seeing his companion look grave, and rather displeased, the patient immediately added: 'Oh, dinna think, JAMIE, I undervalue the Word o' Truth, or wad compare the divine wi' ony human production; but what I mean is, that in my present condition, my mind, when ye read BURNS, wad be sure to turn on something gude; for his descriptions are sae clear and sae sweet, that they bring ither days and ither places to mind; my pains are forgot; my thoughts wander far away; our ain hame rises before me, wi' its green knowes, gowans, and glinting burn; and oh! JAMIE! I think upon my mither, and upon JEANIE; and my heart, a' the same as wi' the Bible, rises to God, through whose kind providence I hope to return, never to leave them nor Scotland mair!' No wonder 'the soldiers mingled their sobs and tears together' at

this touching picture. . . . THE *Boston Morning Post*, in commending the review of Mr. POE's poems in our last number, takes exception to the inference which might be drawn from our remarks, that Mr. POE really '*humbugged*' the courteous people of Boston in his poem of '*Al Aaraaf*.' In justice to the Bostonians, we make the annexed extract from the '*Post*'s notice:

'Now in reference to this '*humbugging*,' the plain truth is as follows. MR. POE delivered a poem which he said was not '*didactic*,' before a large audience in this city. He spoke in a baby voice, and but a very small proportion of those present could have heard more than one word in ten, while very few could have told whether the piece was prose or verse, had it not been for the sing-song reading of the author. Among those who did hear it, there was but one opinion of its demerits, *during its delivery*, as expressed by nods, winks, smiles and yawns. Nearly if not quite half the audience actually left the hall before the conclusion of the reading, and those who remained were actuated by feelings of politeness toward a *stranger*, who, though sadly disappointing them, had done perhaps *as well as he was able*. If MR. POE has ever *humbugged* any body in this city into the belief that what he delivered was *poetry*, because it came from him, we should like to see the person. It is true that the audience did not know that the poem was written in the '*tenth year*' of the author; they only knew that it was sad stuff. Moreover, we defy MR. POE to find twenty people in the land, out of his immediate circle, (if he has one,) a majority of whom have ever seen or heard of half the verses he has manufactured. Let us hear no more of this '*humbugging*' the Bostonians, who from kindly feelings to a stranger heard in silence that which they knew was balderdash, or who silently left a place from which they felt the '*poet*' ought to have been expelled. And yet he boasts of his conduct! But to pass to a more pleasant topic,' etc.

GUNPOWDER, and whatever fiery thing relates thereto, being apparently uppermost in the minds of our patriotic countrymen just now, any thing about artillery is sure to command a hearing. '*Young America*' (will she never get over her youth?) like the Philadelphia firemen, seems bent upon having a row — for the good of the excitement merely. What patriot can think of the Pacific, '*ay, and every sand that glitters on its shore*,' ('*glitters*' is good!) and long retain pacific thoughts? '*No peace*!' is the popular cry, '*but plenty of field-pieces*;' and the monosyllable gun affords the political punster so ready an association with the name of *Oregon*, that it can hardly fail to catch the eye at the present moment, when our national wags at Washington are making themselves so merry about bloodshed, and have such funny things to say of annexation and

— '*cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,
Steam-frigates, stockade-forts and seventy-fours.*'

Let us not however fall into the lamentable vein of belicose buffoonery so observable in Congress, touching this matter of gunnery. Note especially the burlesque resolutions (it is to be hoped they were a joke) of that mad Alabamian, FELIX M'CONNELL, for the annexation of Ireland! MR. M'CONNELL, by-the-by, never falls short of himself; and from the universal felicity of every thing he does, may well exclaim:

'Sum FELIX, quis enim neget hoc? Felixque manebo.'

But '*speaking of guns*,' we hope the reader will not lose sight of the notice in our review department of MR. TREADWELL's pamphlet, which has seemed to us of sufficient importance to arrest not the eye only, but the grave attention of all those who hold it prudent, no less in peace than in war, to watch over the national defence. . . . As to quoting in our own pages the encomiastic remarks of others upon this Magazine, we must say we '*like not that*.' We depart, however, for once from our uniform observance in this regard; and with the less compunction, that we have seldom hesitated to quote whatever has been said *against* the KNICKERBOCKER, and especially any animadversions upon our own departments. The following, from the pen of a distinguished scholar at the national capital, embracing as it does a capital illustration of certain legal absurdities to which we have not unfrequently adverted, we cannot resist the inclination to lay before the reader: '*I must take this opportu-*

nity of thanking you for the continued transmission of your Magazine, and of expressing my high appreciation of its well-sustained interest. You still contrive, I observe, notwithstanding the great merit of many of your original contributors, to keep the best of it for your own share, and force us to begin, as in a witch's prayer, at the end and read backward. None I suppose will deny that you have deserved well in the cause of common sense and right feeling, by some of the blows which you have occasionally dealt to the hypocritical pretences and quackeries of the day. Among others, 'old father antic, the Law,' seems to have most rightfully come in for his share of the castigation. I could not help thinking of you, therefore, when I read the following precious admission in one of our gravest authorities. After discussing at length the perplexities in which legal subtlety has as usual involved itself, in deciding upon the distribution of property where the intestate's domicile is in one country and the estate in another, and the laws of marriage different in both, the satisfactory result arrived at is, that 'The same person would, by the same court, and by this paradox in the law, be deemed legitimate as to the real estate and illegitimate as to the personal; legitimate as to the mill, illegitimate as to the machinery; born in lawful wedlock as to the barn, but a bastard as to the grain within it!' Does not this read like one of the irreverent impertinences of PUNCH?—and might not the epigrammatist well say, '*Nostrâ stultitiâ, Justiniane, sapis?*'

'WHEN wintry thaws impel the wave
Beyond the channel's pebbled bounds,
And hoarse the red-gorged rivers rave,
To mine their arching icy mounds;
Though they rush against the shore,
Waves successive tumbling o'er;
While clouds like low-brow'd mountains lower,
And pour the chilling sleety shower;
Then let me by the torrent roam
At night, to watch the churning foam!

So sings JOHN LEYDEN, 'and so say all of us,' friend 'P.' To explain: we have much in common with our town-correspondent, in his 'love of Nature in her stormy moods,' as many a solitary promenade in tempestuous weather along the battery-walks wet with sea-spray can bear us witness. 'The spirit's stride that treads the northern storm;' knotted rushes bending and twisting in their matted ranks by the roused lake's sounding shore; fringed snow-flakes, ('Dutch blankets' we used to call them,) sailing idly in the soft, yielding atmosphere, and weaving as they fall their 'frolic architecture;' eaves with pendant icicles, ribbed like the rattle-snake's beads; windows tinkling with dancing hail and sleet; all these came back upon us from the morning of life, as we read our correspondent's rhapsody. But the sketch is too long, and it came too late; moreover, the cacography is sad enough, and the paper broken out all over with something like a cutaneous eruption. ¶ Will our correspondents *always* send us their communications upon easily-written-on paper? 'A special request. Respect this.' . . . THE statement made below should be taken we think *cum grano salis*. If it were not upon undoubted New-England authority, we should be inclined to doubt it altogether: 'A farmer near Lowell, to save expense, undertook to make a plough with his own hands. It looked so ugly when finished, that he deemed it prudent to chain it to an apple-tree; but it got loose during the night, and killed two of his calves!' . . . WE do no not affect the pinings of rejected suitors, in verse or prose. Ink is shed copiously for 'mittens' by many of our correspondents. The '*Lines to Kate*' are lugubrious enough, being something below the pitch of STERNBOLD AND HOPKINS. C.'s '*Stanzas for Her who will Understand them*' are better; but they are

very poor. . . . POTATOES are 'the public thing' on the other side of the water just at this moment. Disease sits at the very hearts of 'the murphies' and 'gnaws at his cruel leisure.' PUNCH has a letter from 'A. TATUR,' describing a malady which is affecting the 'eyes' of himself and nearly all his acquaintances. These evils are set forth by the journals in prose and rhyme. '*The Lay of the Blighted Potato*' indicates the general sympathy which is felt in this matter. We give a single affecting stanza:

'ONE day I took a murphy out to peel it,
Casting the peeling carelessly away;
When (horrid fact! I shudder to reveal it!)
I found it blighted,—hastening to decay.
Vainly I strove the wholesome parts to cherish,
But nought remained of what is now so dear;
Only with life shall the remembrance perish,
How bad potatoes have turned out this year!"

OWING to one of those confoundedly unlucky accidents, known only, we must certainly believe, to printing-offices, several pages of '*Gossip*,' including four or five subsections which it irks us beyond expression to omit; such as notices of the fine arts and American artists; four or five late publications; new journals in prospect; 'confidences' with new correspondents, etc.; are as unavoidably as vexationously 'laid over' until our next. Excellent papers in prose and verse, from favorite old and welcome new contributors, await insertion in our next.

THE DRAMA.—PARK-THEATRE: RICHARD 'REDIVIVUS.'—The past month may be regarded, and will no doubt be looked back to in years to come, as an era in theatrical matters on this side of the water. Splendid spectacles of the melo-dramatic grade; from the almost forgotten 'Cherry and Fair Star,' when the dashing Miss KELLY and the lovely and ever-to-be-regretted Miss JOHNSON were the 'bright particular stars,' down to the more recent American Sea-serpent, with PLACIDE for the hero; have amazed, dazzled and delighted the gaping groundlings, and the *élégantes* of the boxes, many a time and oft at our own Old Drury; spangled and bedecked with all the glare and glitter of patent-leather and gold foil; while the classic drama, the pure Castalian, has been suffered to array itself as it might, in the old stock hose and buskin of the property-room. '*Nous avons change tout cela*;' and now our old friend 'RICHARD,' shaking the dust of his ancient mantle from his hump, has come out in a new suit; not of gilt and spangles, like a melo-dramatic hero, but in cloth of gold, glittering with real gems, pure diamonds, without spot or flaw to blur their brilliancy or mar their immaculate purity. Thanks to Mr. CHARLES KEAN! thanks to Mrs. CHARLES KEAN! thanks to Mr. EDMUND SIMPSON! thanks to Mr. THOMAS BARRY!—great things have been done! SHAKESPEARE's face has been washed, and the most unmitigated of his villains stands before us in a clean shirt. There is no jest, but a pleasant truth in this matter, as the treasury of the Park can sufficiently testify. The most critical are satisfied (or rather *dis*-satisfied because they cannot find fault) with the perfection of every thing connected with the new scenery, new dresses, and all the novel splendid and characteristic accompaniments which compose the '*mise en scene*' of the play of RICHARD the Third, as produced during this last engagement of the KEANS. Already the New-York public are familiar with this gorgeous yet chaste and faithfully historical exhibition; and therefore we shall not make an inventory of its details of magnificent scenery, its rich dresses, its grand processions, the bustle of its action, and the complete *fullness*, if such a word may be used, of the entire spectacle, from first to last. To all connected with the 'getting up,' great praise is due; the *pence* they have got already; and whether the audiences which for sixteen successive nights, conjugating the verb 'to cram' through all its moods and tenses, congregated there to see the pageant, or the play, or both, it matters not to the treasury aforesaid.

Mr. KEAN's *acting* of the Duke of Gloster is only respectable; it is not equal to his HAMLET nor his ROMEO. He is great only in 'points.' He does not sustain the character evenly throughout; it rises and falls. At times he is brilliant, vivid, and so true that one is startled with his power; again he is cloudy, dull and tame, and seems hurrying outwards as if there was no meaning attached to them, and as if his great object were to discharge them as a patent detonator does bullets, in a given space of time. There is no play of SHAKESPEARE's more susceptible of trickery than this; and Mr. KEAN

condescends to avail himself rather too often perhaps of this doubtful advantage. We did not perceive any effort at originality in Mr. KEAN's reading; and he certainly evinced his good taste in giving the received conception of this well-known character. The little that Mrs. KEAN had to do as 'QUEEN ELIZABETH' made that part to our thinking the gem of the piece. There has never any thing been made of this character before, to come near her beautiful execution of it. The parting with the children in the tower was most truthfully affecting. It was the reflection of Nature herself, and met with such full response as might have flattered even the fair artiste herself, accustomed as she is to the general laudation of the most critical audiences. Mrs. ABBOT as the 'Lady ANNE' was quite effective in the courting scene. She looked the character extremely well, and her acting of it was better in every sense than any one of her predecessors now remembered. If she would throw aside a little of that 'mauvaise honte' which stands in her way, and take to herself the same quantity of fire and spirit in her performances, she would do herself justice, and place herself in that position as an actress which nothing but a sense of diffidence prevents her now from attaining. . . . THE admirers of the *Ballet* will in the new piece, '*La Giselle*,' about to be produced at the Park, have an opportunity of testifying their approbation of all that is graceful in the dance, or expressive in pantomime, as displayed by the sylph-like AUGUSTA. This ballet created a perfect *furor* in Europe, and will no doubt out-rival here the far-famed Bayadère, for the production of which in this country, let it be remembered, we are indebted alone to the peerless AUGUSTA. The ballet of '*Giselle*' has among its other attractions that ghostly interest, that unearthly and sepulchral tone, which gives a peculiar character to the 'alley scene' in '*Robert the Devil*.' The music is particularly adapted to the sentiment, and the dresses, scenery, etc., so far as can be learned at the early hour at which we write, are brought forward with that disregard of expense which characterized the late magnificent representation of RICHARD the Third.

C.

LITERARY RECORD.—The '*North-American Review*' for the January quarter is an excellent number of that time-honored and well-sustained journal. The articles are 'FINLAY'S Greece under the Romans;' 'St. CHRYSOSTOM and his Style of Pulpit Eloquence;' 'The Punishment of Death;' 'The Pioneers of Kentucky;' 'MARGARET, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal;' 'JOHN FOSTER'S Essays;' 'Dr. ARNOLD'S Miscellaneous Writings;' 'WARE'S Life of HENRY WARE, Jr.;' 'The Oregon Question;' and seven brief 'Critical Notices.' Of these articles we have found leisure for the careful perusal of only four; that on the death punishment, a masterly paper, marked by equal courtesy and power; the admirable sketch of DANIEL BOON and his pioneer companions; the review of 'Margaret,' heretofore noticed with favor in this Magazine, and the by-no-means-flattering picture of Oregon, and its worth as a bone of national contention. These are articles which do honor to the Review. A hasty glance through one or two of the other papers in the number, enables us to pronounce the whole an excellent specimen of what an American Quarterly Review should be. Its neat and tasteful appearance reflects the highest credit upon the publishers, Messrs. OTIS BROADERS AND COMPANY. Messrs. C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY are the New-York agents. . . . GREENLEY and McELRATH'S '*Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture*' for January is filled with valuable matter. Knowing it to be a record, among other things, of all late improvements in breeds of domestic animals, we were somewhat startled to find at the head of one of its pages, in staring capitals, '*The Hydraulic Ram!*' Our first impression was, that science had been making a wonderful discovery; but a glance at the text, and at the engravings of 'nuts,' 'screws' and 'cocks' with pipes six hundred feet in length and one and a half inches bore, reassured us, and revealed an instrument for raising water to any desired height. An important discovery, to all owners of cows, is described in the opening of the 'Journal' department. It is no less than the ability, by external observation of the animal alone, to determine the milking properties of neat cattle, and to name the exact number of pints of milk that will be given by any one cow. The discoverer, a Frenchman named GUENON, in forty-six cows, 'entire strangers' to him, named the exact number of pints given by each animal. 'Curious, isn't it?' . . . NUMBERS Six and Seven of '*Harpers' New Miscellany*' contain the 'Life of PAUL JONES, by ALEXANDER SIDELL MACKENZIE, U. S. N.' It is an authentic and very interesting volume, compiled from works chiefly composed of original letters of JONES, which convey a distinct idea of his life and character. It is embellished by a portrait of its subject, excellently engraved by PRUDHOMME. . . . MESSRS. PAINE AND BURGESS, John-street, have published, in two handsome volumes, '*The Greece of the Greeks*,' by G. A. PERDICARIS, A. M., late Consul of the United States at Athens. We receive these volumes at too late an hour adequately to consider their merits and attractions; but that they have merits and attractions, of a high order, our knowledge of the author, an accomplished scholar, a keen observer, and a felicitous writer, we can with confidence predict it. We shall take another occasion to do justice to the

work. . . . MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM have just issued a volume entitled '*A Sequel to the Vestiges of Creation*,' a work of explanations of the author's former treatise, which created so considerable a sensation in the scientific world. The '*Vestiges*' had been pretty severely handled by the Edinburgh and some other reviewers, and was regarded by them as tending to atheism. The author does not regard the origin of life as the result of a direct fiat of the ALMIGHTY, but of regular laws established from eternity. Under the operation of these laws, he considers that there has been a progressive development of organic existences, from the lowest orders up to the highest now observable on the earth. The astronomical and geological facts which he adduces to sustain this theory are truly astonishing, and must be admitted to go far toward proving it. As to its atheistic tendency, the author contends that there is nothing irreligious in the attempt to conceive creation, as well as reproduction, carried on by universal laws. The subject is certainly one of great interest, and we should be slow in condemning any philosophical speculations as atheistical because they contravene long-settled opinions, when we recollect that it was but a few years ago that geological theories, now proved to be correct, and admitted not to contradict the scriptural account of the earth, were universally regarded as atheistical, or at least deistical, in their tendency. MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM'S '*Library of Choice Reading*' has been enriched by the addition to its volumes of FAIRFAX'S translation of TASSO'S '*Jerusalem Delivered*,' with an introductory essay by LEIGH HUNT, and the lives of the author and translator, by CHARLES KNIGHT. The present is the first American from the seventh London edition, and is reprinted from the original folio of 1600. . . . SPEAKING of '*Libraries*,' we are reminded of the sixth volume of FRANCIS AND COMPANY'S excellent '*Cabinet Library of Choice Prose and Poetry*,' which contains the '*Tragedies, Sonnets, and Verses of Talfourd*,' a most acceptable addition to the truly 'choice reading' of the day. If the volume contained only 'Ion' alone, it would be worth twice the price at which it is sold, to any reader of pure and classic taste. . . . A VERY useful little work is MR. MORITZ ERTHEILER'S '*Phrase-Book in English and German*,' with a literal translation of the German into English, and a complete explanation of the sounds and the accentuation of the German. MR. ERTHEILER is a popular teacher of the German language in this city, and his work is the result of his observation of the wants of learners. We commend it to a generous acceptance at the hands of all who would even know a little German, but especially to students of that now popular language. . . . DR. HENRY J. BIGELOW'S '*Address before the Boylston Medical Society of Harvard University*' does that gentleman much honor. If there is another young physician in Boston who could have written so clever a pamphlet, it is a most favorable arguery for the continued reputation and success of the Boston School of Medicine. It is not merely clever; it is a learned and elaborate survey of the present state of medical progress. It displays great care, much reading, and an unusual degree of sound philosophical thought. The chief objection that can be urged to it, is the want of that decided authority that gray hairs alone can give. Few old physicians could have manifested a more profound acquaintance with the condition and requirements of their profession; we doubt if any could have shown so great a familiarity with its philosophy, as modified by recent discoveries. No one, either young or old, could with more ardor have examined modern systems; with more candor accepted new light; or with more confidence repudiated the fallacies and empiricism of the day, than Doctor BIGELOW has done. Had the same words, or even less wise ones, fallen from his father, they would have been oracular. Not that one would so easily gather from the style or sentiments of the address that the author was a gray-beard; but knowing the fact, perhaps we are more inclined to be critical in reading it. In this humor we may object to a somewhat too abundant illustration of his theme by analogy. In the main he is certainly right; but now and then it strikes us a logician might discover a flaw. Doctor BIGELOW says: 'The great philosopher of the seventeenth century informs us that 'They have in Turkey a Drink called Coffa, made of a Berry of the same name, as black as Soot, and of a strong Sent; which they take, beaten into powder, in Water as hot as they can Drink it. This Drink comforteth the Brain and Heart, and helpeth Digestion.' Two centuries later, the civilized world breakfasts upon coffee, and drinks tea; because, says the great chemist of the nineteenth century, '*Theine and caffeine*, their peculiar principles, are in all respects identical, and supply the human system with exactly as many atoms of nitrogen and carbon as it requires to manufacture *taurine*, the essential constituent of bile.' It is an obvious answer to this, (and though a superficial one, yet sufficient,) that nobody, not even LIEBIG himself, makes his breakfast upon coffee because chemistry has discovered its constituent proportions of nitrogen and carbon. But our 'plentiful lack' of room warns us to say '*Benedicite*' to the pamphlet of our talented author. . . . We have from HOMANS AND ELLIS, Broadway, two useful little volumes; one, '*A Picture of New-York in 1846*,' illustrated by numerous engravings, and an excellent guide to citizens and strangers; the other, '*Williams's Statistical Companion, and Pictorial Almanac for 1846*,' with sixteen portraits, which by-the-by are a disgrace to the work, and to the engraver who executed them. In all other respects, the volume is an acceptable one. *